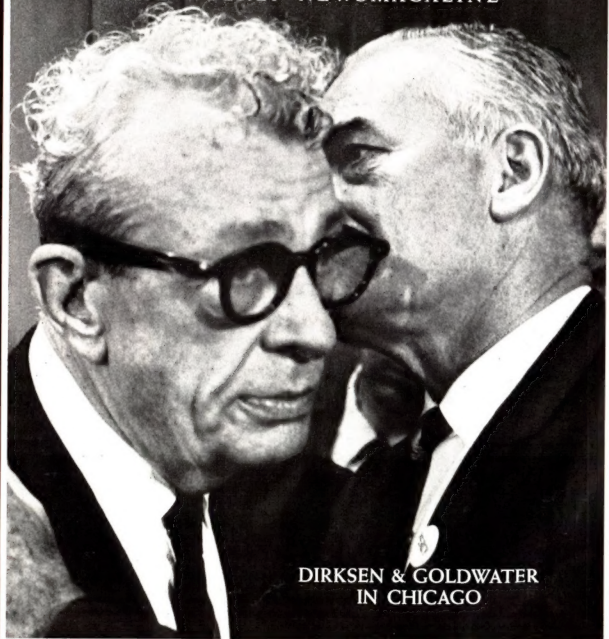


THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

JULY 10, 1964

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



DIRKSEN & GOLDWATER
IN CHICAGO

VOL. 84 NO. 2

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cigarette to taste. That's right!

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better than you!"

"can you climb
a hill?"



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"go off the road?"



"anywhere! and
with a load too."

"go in snow?"



"up to my bumpers!"

"got
4-wheel drive?"



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"oh"

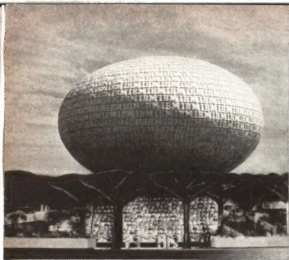


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Report from the World's Fair:

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Here, from fifteen screens, a new kind of living picture entertainment leaps out at you. One minute you're experiencing the hair-trigger reactions of a racing car driver. The next moment you're adventuring on a railroad.



Every second there's a new surprise in the dome of the IBM Pavilion. The shows are continuous.

Surprise follows surprise. You work on a pass-play with a football coach. You watch scientists break down seemingly unsolvable problems into simple steps for computer analysis.

You then follow the amusing turns of a woman's mind as she puzzles out the seating arrangement of a dinner party.

Gradually, a surprising fact becomes clear. *Computers are not so mysterious, after all. They help solve the most complex problems with simple principles of logic—the kind that guide you in making decisions every day.*

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experimental IBM computer. Watch it read the numbers you write, search its "memory," then print out for you a *New York Times* headline that ran on the very day you were born.

Next, you see how an IBM computer translates Russian science articles into simple but understandable English. It works from a 200,000-word dictionary—the size of a phonograph record.

There's much, much more. Three animated puppet shows, one of them starring Sherlock Holmes. You can use an IBM *Selectric* typewriter to send free postcards to friends.

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shows you how science uses "chance" to detect laws of order running through seeming chaos.

Take a stroll through Scholar's Walk, and follow man's curious attempts to build "mathematic machines." You'll see their evolution into a new family of incredibly fast IBM computers.

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Programs devoted to the Republican National Convention dominate television this week, with leftover time filled by repeats. The highlights:

Wednesday, July 8
GREAT CONVENTIONS (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A study of the patterns of Republican politics, as reflected in conventions from 1920 to 1948.

ON BROADWAY TONIGHT (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Premiere of a variety show introducing young talent. Rudy Vallee is host, Paul Anka celebrity guest. Performers include Comic Rich Little and Singer Kitty Lester.

THE CAMPAIGN AND THE CANDIDATES (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Preliminary assessment of the convention.

POLITICS '64 (ABC, 11:15-11:30 p.m.). First of a series of pre-convention programs highlighting the important events of the day.

Thursday, July 9
KRAFT SUSPENSE THEATER (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Four scientists and a security guard trapped by an underground explosion calculate there is only enough oxygen left for four and proceed to conduct a death lottery. Color. Repeat.

POLITICS '64 (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). What happens to San Francisco at convention time.

Friday, July 10
THE JACK PAAR PROGRAM (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Repeat of Attorney General Robert Kennedy's guest appearance discussing the humorous side of his late brother, President Kennedy. Color.

Saturday, July 11
ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The British Open Golf championship from St. Andrews, Scotland.

THE WOMAN'S TOUCH IN POLITICS (ABC, 7:30-8 p.m.). Reporter Lisa Howard discusses women's contributions to politics with Senator Margaret Chase Smith and the Republican candidates' wives.

Sunday, July 12
LOOK UP AND LIVE (CBS, 10:30-11 a.m.). First of an eight-part series on the "Images of Man," including highlights from Ingmar Bergman's *Winter Light* and the recent off-Broadway adaptation of Friedrich Nietzsche's parable *The Madman*.

DISCOVERY (ABC, 1-1:30 p.m.). From his home in Gettysburg, former President Eisenhower discusses the role of conventions in the U.S. democratic process in a program aimed at explaining the proceedings to youngsters.

CBS SPORTS SPECTACULAR (CBS, 5-5:30 p.m.). The National Professional Grass Court Tennis championships, videotaped from the Longwood Cricket Club in Chestnut Hill, Mass.

MEET THE PRESS (NBC, 5:30-6:30 p.m.). Originating from convention headquarters, *Meet The Press* reporters will interview Governor William Scranton and other leading candidates.

© All times E.D.T.

Monday, July 13

TODAY (NBC, 7-9 a.m.). The show originates all week from San Francisco and features interviews with leading candidates and delegates.

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION (ABC, 1-3:30 p.m. and 8 to midnight; NBC, 1-4 p.m. and 7-11 p.m.; CBS, 1-3:30 p.m. and 7:30 to 11 p.m.). Coverage from the convention floor. Appearing as cub reporters for ABC will be Dwight Eisenhower and James Hagerty.

Tuesday, July 14

ABC, NBC and CBS will continue to devote their evenings to live coverage of the convention.

THEATER

Straw Hat

The plays that summer theater rolls on are mostly retreats, but each year there are a few brand-new fires being tested to see if they're puncture-proof enough for Broadway. Some of the most promising and their scheduled stops:

DAYS OF DANCING, with Shelley Winters and Robert Walker *fits*, a new play by TV Writer James Bridges (*Alfred Hitchcock Show*), is about a fortuneteller (Winters) in Venice, Calif., who tries to teach the local rock-'n'-roll set (including Walker) the meaning of love. Milburn, N.J.; Mineola, L.I.

THURSDAY IS A GOOD NIGHT, with Tom Fwell and Sherree North and directed by George Abbott's daughter Judy, is by Broadway Prophan Abe Einhorn and Freelance Writer Donald Segall. It's about a Manhattan bookie whose hotel room is invaded by a mixed bag of girls, Russian spies, FBI men, a crusading journalist, a nosy bellhop and a Chinese waiter. Paramus, N.J.; Corning, N.Y.; Mountaine, Pa.; Dennis, Mass.; Toronto; East Rochester; Westport, Conn.; Latham, N.Y.

THE WAYWARD STORK, with Hal March and Marjorie Lord, is a comedy by TV Writer Harry Tugend (*Jack Benny Show*) about a childless couple who, in pursuit of parenthood, consult a doctor, get involved in a misconception. Falmouth, Mass.; Southfield, Mich.; Ivoryton, Conn.; Westport, Laconia, N.H.; Fitchburg, Mass.; and Charlotte, N.C.

A GIRL COULD GET LUCKY, with Betty Garrett and Pat Hingle, is a two-character play by Playwright Don Appell (*Milk and Honey*) about a secretary and a cab driver and the adjustments their courtship demands of them. Opens next week in Westport, then on to two-week stands in Milburn and Mineola.

WATCH THE BIRDIE, with Joan Blondell, Peggy Ann Garner and Alan (son of Robert) Alda, is a comedy by Norman Krasna about a divorce lawyer's secretary (Garner) who needs money to go to Europe and starts moonlighting by taking over for her boss's regular co-respondent (Blondell). Opens next week at Miami's Coconut Grove, then to Falmouth, Fayetteville, N.Y., and Paramus.

MATING DANCE, with Joan Hackett, Anthony George and John Conte, is a romantic comedy by Magazine Freelancer Eleanor Harris and Movie Actress Helen Mack. Joan Hackett plays a career girl whose romance with a TV personality (Conte) already married to a lady U.S.

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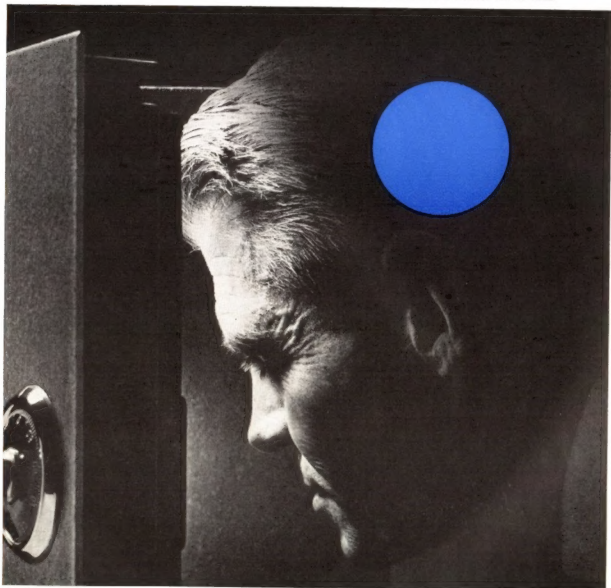
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LETTERS

The Downstretch

Sir: With Goldwater's pro-Americanism philosophy and Scranton's meaningful criticism of the present Administration, I hope to be able to vote for both men this November. Our country needs people who are willing to stand on their beliefs despite pressure from minority forces.

(A/3C) W. B. KOEHLER

McCoy A.F.B., Fla.

Sir: To this European, Senator Barry Goldwater appears not as a fascist ogre, but as perhaps the last hope of the American people to pull their country out of its headlong dive into that oblivion where everybody and everything, races, parties and states, shall be mongrelized into a drab grey uniformity, watched over, of course, by Big Daddy in the White House.

JACK O'HANLON

Dublin

Sir: If the Republican Convention defeats Goldwater and adopts another "liberal" platform, it will be through the coquition of jealous, selfish, incompetent kingmakers, who will ruin all unity.

LOUISE BRUNING CARLE, M.D.

Los Angeles

Sir: We had nothing but cowards in the past Administrations concerning foreign affairs. Any so-called American who fears Senator Goldwater because of his ideas in foreign affairs is not a true American.

C. ROBINSON

Attleboro, Mass.

Sir: In voting against the civil rights bill, Goldwater has upheld the Constitution of this country. The Communists hate him; they hate anyone who is against Communism. They also hate the John Birch Society, which is the only organization actively fighting Communism in this country.

HAROLD CIRIELLO

Belmont, Mass.

Sir: I find Senator Goldwater's candidacy for the G.O.P. nomination not unlike the topos bathing suit: scandalous and with no widespread support.

NEIL MEHLON

Fresno, Calif.

Sir: Goldwater's victory in California and his overwhelming support among G.O.P. delegates makes us realize that our doubts about America's political maturity are not completely groundless. It is a frightening idea for us who are so strongly dependent on the U.S.A. that such a man could possibly become President.

PETER J. BOLLEN

Rotterdam

Sir: Recalling Dwight D. Eisenhower's pride in his own invention, "modern Republicanism," it seems to me utterly strange that he, being the one person who could decisively influence the Republican Party's development now, chooses to remain silent when the party seems to be marching straight toward the very opposite of modern Republicanism.

GUSTAF DONNER

Helsinki

Sir: Goldwater's statement that discrimination is morally wrong but constitutionally right ineffectually implies that our Constitution is immoral!

ROBERT HARARI

Los Angeles

Sir: As Goldwater says, he gives us a clear choice. If he is the Republican nominee, my choice—though I am a registered Republican—will be his opponent.

R. A. SHELL

Washington, D.C.

Sir: Unless the Republican Party can come up with a strong but moderate candidate or can draft a platform for Goldwater, he will go down as a disaster in political history.

JOHN BROWNING

Troy, Ala.

Sir: Governor Scranton's favorite thumbnail self-description, "I am a liberal on civil rights, a conservative on fiscal policies and an internationalist on foreign affairs [June 19]," sounds mighty like Lyndon Johnson to me!

ROBERT B. FINNEY

Bartlesville, Okla.

One Vote Per Voter

Sir: One Ohio U.S. Senator still represents 4,900,000 citizens, while one U.S. Senator from Nevada represents only 143,000 citizens. This is gross voter discrimination. Perhaps somebody will start court action to force all U.S. Senators to run at large or, better still, to determine if the Constitution is still constitutional.

ROGER B. WILLIAMS

Columbus

Sir: Now that the Supreme Court has again rewritten the Constitution I demand that it apply the same principle on the federal level. It should give California 40 Senators to Nevada's 0 on the grounds that more than half the people in Nevada are Californians supporting the indigent natives with gambling losses—a monstrous form of taxation without representation.

JACK R. LOVETT

China Lake, Calif.

ICBM Program

Sir: In TIME, May 22, you quoted my December 1945 statement to the effect that accurate intercontinental ballistic missiles were a long period off, and that "I wish the American public would leave that out of their thinking." Your article went on to say that "because of the arguments—like Bush's—against it, it was not until May 1954 . . . that the Air Force launched a crash program to develop the Atlas ICBM."

At the time of my 1945 statement, some eminent generals were telling the Senate that intercontinental ballistic missiles

would be available in a year or two. My statement should be read with this, and the following, in mind: a crash program meant hardware and large costs. Reasonable men in development work do not enter this phase until the central problems are solved. At the time there was no known means of guiding such a missile successfully. There were also large problems on re-entry and on fuels. The fact that I was interested, and was encouraging such research, is illustrated by one invention I myself made on guidance, and assigned the patent rights on it to the Navy. I did not oppose development of guided missiles.

VANNEVAR BUSH

Belmont, Mass.

►TIME regrets giving an inaccurate impression of Dr. Bush's position on missile development, and is glad to have his correction of the record.—E.D.

Fleetfooted Victims

Sir: I have taken to heart the Baltimore cops' advice to run when attacked [June 26] and am now vigorously practicing wind sprints. However, one difficulty has arisen: my fiancée, who is addicted to wearing high heels, is hard pressed to comprehend that when trouble appears I shall be forced to abandon her.

PAUL H. RIMESSPACH

New York City

Power of Ideas

Sir: Re your comment that "economists collectively have far more influence than Keynes & Co. could ever have dreamed of" [June 26], Lord Keynes stated in 1935: "The ideas of economists and political philosophers are more powerful than is commonly understood. Indeed the world is ruled by little else. Practical men, who believe themselves to be quite exempt from any intellectual influences, are usually the slaves of some defunct economist. Madmen in authority, who hear voices in the air, are distilling their frenzy from some academic scribbler of a few years back. I am sure that the power of vested interests is vastly exaggerated compared with the gradual encroachment of ideas."

MICHAEL G. DWORIN

ALBERT M. KATZ

Wayne State University

Detroit

The Cardinal & the Priest

Sir: Although many lay Catholics have been chagrined by Cardinal McIntyre's reluctance to actively endorse civil rights as a fundamental moral issue [June 26], the views of the church are hardly so equivocal. As exemplified by Archbishop

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A Message to Parents Who Hope to Send Their Children to College

How You Can Help Your Children by Giving Them Ready Access to the Very Best in Books

The TIME READING PROGRAM

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* * *
How do you choose good books... the *best* books? It is difficult to know which books merit first claim on your reading time—let alone which books you will want your children to become curious about and finally read. This is where we believe the Editors of TIME can be of immense help.

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by James Joyce

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TIME, JULY 10, 1964

Chesterfield People:

They like a mild smoke, but just don't like filters. (How about you?)



Patrick T. Philbin, insurance evaluator, New York



Stuart P. Evensen, weather reporter, Minnesota



Maggie Davis, novelist, Georgia



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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

July 10, 1964

Vol. 84, No. 2

THE NATION

REPUBLICANS

Some Facts of History

History, as everyone knows, does not repeat itself. Yet the circumstances of history can, and often do, run in parallels. This may lead the careless, casual or wishful observer, spotting similar sets of circumstances, to jump to wrong conclusions.

The similarities between the 1952 and 1964 contests for the Republican presidential nomination seem striking in

PETER STANHOPE



DIRKSEN: 1952 NATIONAL CONVENTION

"Down the path to defeat."

many ways. Will history repeat itself? Can William Scranton do this year what Dwight Eisenhower did in '52? The answer, as of last week, was: almost certainly not.

The Similarities. Remember 1952? There was Bob Taft, Mr. Republican, idol of his party's conservative wing, career politician, leading member of the U.S. Senate, a Midwesterner through and through, an outspoken individualist, who had worked long and hard for the nomination, thought he had it won, and was convinced that he deserved it by reason of service to his party and championship of his cause.

And there was Dwight Eisenhower, a

late and reluctant entry, the choice of the G.O.P.'s Northeastern kingmakers, of Tom Dewey and Herb Brownell and Cabot Lodge, the man who could take over the presidency of the U.S. for the Republicans, while, as the charge went, "Taft can't win."

Ike, of course, was an international hero, perhaps the most popular man of his day. But Taft had a head start, and he seemed to have the delegates. Eisenhower's backers desperately needed a new and spectacular issue—and they found it in the Taft backers' so-called "steal" of the Texas delegation. The strategy was successful, but it engendered a bitterness rare in the history of any political party. Thus the most memorable sight and sound of the '52 convention was Illinois' Senator Everett Dirksen, who, in pleading Taft's cause, pointed his finger at Tom Dewey and cried, in an anguish of anger and disappointment: "We followed you before, and you took us down the path to defeat."

The Differences. In many ways, the candidacies of Bill Scranton and Barry Goldwater are similar to those of Ike and Taft. But there are also decisive differences. It goes without saying that Goldwater is by no means a Taft—but then, neither has Scranton anything like the stature of an Eisenhower. In 1952, Republicans sensed certain victory; if only they would pick the right candidate. In 1964, many Republicans despair of victory, no matter who the candidate.

As he began his belated campaign, it was Scranton's major mission to convince such pessimistic Republicans that they are wrong—that he, Bill Scranton, could defeat Lyndon Johnson in November. Scranton did his best. His effort has been energetic and articulate. He dramatically demonstrated his own conviction that the 1964 G.O.P. nomination is worth fighting for, and worth fighting for on behalf of progressive Republicanism. He will continue doing his best until the last ballot is counted in San Francisco. But in the short time he chose to fight, his best has not been good enough.

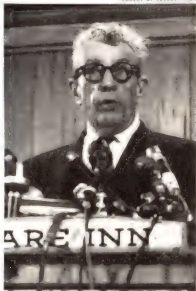
The Disappointments. The facts were plain and simple. Goldwater got off to a long head start, showing poorly in the primaries but piling up delegate votes against little or no opposition in

state conventions. At no time in 1952 did Taft have anything approaching Goldwater's delegate strength.

Scranton's entry made little, if any, dent in that Goldwater strength—a fact that politicians across the land were quick to realize. And since it is part of the profession of politics to stay off the losing side, Scranton has suffered one disappointment after another.

In highly urbanized New Jersey, for example, Scranton's brand of Republicanism is popular. Senator Clifford Case

ROBERT W. STALL



DIRKSEN: 1964 ILLINOIS CAUCUS

"The grey ghost of me-tooism."

is a dedicated Scranton supporter, and many other delegates are known to favor the Pennsylvanian. Yet last week, after Goldwater appeared and spoke before the delegation, it voted to go to San Francisco uncommitted, thereby denying Scranton a breakthrough just when he needed one. In Delaware, Goldwater picked up a handful of delegates without lifting a finger; Senator John Williams, who had been set up as a favorite son in a holding action against Goldwater, announced for Barry and promised to release the delegation. In Michigan, Governor George Romney, who has been vociferous in his anti-Goldwater sentiments, warmly

welcomed Barry into his state, posed proudly with him, insisted that he couldn't pick a candidate until he saw what the G.O.P. platform had to say. What overriding problem did Romney want the Platform Committee to tackle first? Said Romney: "The breakup of family life, leading to increased juvenile delinquency and other social evils."

The biggest blow to Scranton's candidacy came in Illinois. There, old Ev Dirksen proved the truth of Santayana's maxim: "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it." Dirksen may not read much Santayana, but he remembers his past political history, and he has no intention of repeating it. This time he fully intends to be on what he feels is the winning side.

The Ev & Barry Show

[See Cover]

His tangled white curls were damp with perspiration; his face was pale. The pouches beneath his eyes were dark; his voice was hoarse but strong. "Too long have we ridden the grey ghost of me-tooism," he said. "When the roll is called, I shall cast my vote for Barry Goldwater!"

So spoke Ev Dirksen at suburban Chicago's O'Hare Inn, where the 58-member Illinois delegation to the Republican National Convention met in caucus. Goldwater backers burst into wild applause, followed quickly with a roll call that produced 48 diamond-hard convention votes for Barry; the other ten delegates remained publicly committed to no one, but there was every possibility that Goldwater would wind up with at least 51.

Being Consistent. That vote all but crushed Bill Scranton's chances for the G.O.P. nomination. He had gambled heavily on the possibility that he might steal some of Goldwater's delegate strength in Illinois, thereby giving his campaign a psychological lift that would have impact elsewhere. He had known for several days that Dirksen would probably vote for Barry. But, it only because of Goldwater's vote against the civil rights bill, of which Dirksen was the major architect, Scranton had hoped that Dirksen would be somewhat less than enthusiastic about Barry. As it turned out, Ev's strong and lengthy endorsement of Barry not only stunned the Scranton people but surprised the Goldwater forces.

Actually, Dirksen was being perfectly consistent. He is a Midwestern Republican—and one not notable for his admiration of the G.O.P.'s Northeastern "kingmakers." Moreover, Ev and Barry have long been warm Senate friends. Dirksen was instrumental in 1955 in making Goldwater chairman of the Republican Senatorial Campaign Commit-

tee, a job that put Barry into constant contact with Republicans all over the U.S. and gave him hundreds of far-flung pulpits from which to preach his views. Finally, Dirksen had said for months that he would back whichever candidate he thought would help the most Republican Senate nominees. He realized that Goldwater might hurt the chances of such Northeast Republican incumbents as New York's Ken Keating and Pennsylvania's Hugh Scott. But he also felt that the G.O.P.'s best chance this year for increasing its Senate membership was in the Midwest and Far West—where Barry is relatively strong. Still, there were days of cautious

As a matter of fact, the whole world didn't. But to make certain that the world soon would, Goldwater staffers moved quickly that same day. Campaign Manager Denison Kitchell stopped in at Dirksen's office, said Barry had been wondering how Ev would feel about making the nomination speech for Goldwater at the convention. Dirksen did not quite say yes, but he certainly didn't say no. A few hours later, Barry himself buttonholed Dirksen on the Senate floor, asked him outright to make the nominating address. Dirksen agreed on the spot.

Thus Dirksen's starring role in last week's drama at the O'Hare Inn was written a week before the Illinois delegation actually met. To add to the irony, that meeting—which turned out so badly for Bill Scranton—was originally set up by Scranton himself. From the moment he became an avowed candidate on June 12, he knew he would have to make some spectacular inroads into what had been counted as a big Goldwater delegation. Illinois seemed to be the most likely possibility.

Most Important People. The day of the caucus, Goldwater got to the motel first. At his heels surged a crowd of rooters, many sporting blackened eyes and chest ribbons that proclaimed, *I WOULD RATHER FIGHT THAN SWITCH*. They took over the lobby, seemed so excitable that when Scranton arrived, he went in the back door against the possibility that he might be hopped over the head by a placard. Dirksen, Goldwater and Republican gubernatorial candidate Charles H. Percy huddled for a while before the candidates addressed the delegation separately.

Shortly before 1 p.m., Dirksen and Percy escorted Barry to the Grecian Room, presented him to the delegates. Wearing a *PERCY FOR GOVERNOR* button, Goldwater rambled for a few minutes about the need for party unity and harmony, especially mentioned his civil rights vote, and said: "I will accept the civil rights plank of the platform, and as President will uphold and enforce the civil rights law. As President, I would want an Attorney General who would enforce the law. My Attorney General would uphold the law or I would get another one." He said that segregation is "foolishness in these times, just as anti-Semitism or anti-Catholicism are foolish. We just can't afford these prejudices at this time."

At mid-afternoon Bill Scranton made his pitch. "You are," he told the delegates, "the 58 most important people in the United States today." Conscious of the pro-Goldwater atmosphere, he downplayed his differences with Barry, elaborated at length about their per-



UNSWITCHABLE GOLDWATER FANS

Better a black eye than a bright new face.

Goldwater dickering to assure Dirksen's support. After his vote against the civil rights bill, Goldwater assiduously worked on Dirksen, visited the minority leader's office often, had drinks and dinner with him. Said one top Goldwater aide of Dirksen: "You never quite know what the old rascal is going to do, and it doesn't do to press him. But we were pretty sure he'd be with us when it came time to vote."

"A Rookie or a Patsy?" Ironically, one factor in solidifying Dirksen's stand for Goldwater came from Scranton himself. On June 22 Scranton flew to Washington, dropped in at Dirksen's office and tried to sell the Senator on becoming a favorite-son candidate in Illinois—an obvious ploy to withhold first-ballot votes from Goldwater. This annoyed Ev. When Scranton left, he phoned a friend and thundered: "What do they think I am? A rookie or a patsy? I certainly am not impressed."

Next morning Dirksen was on the phone again, this time trumpeting to a man in Illinois: "The whole world knows that I'm for Barry Goldwater."

sonal friendship, then said, "But I have a strong feeling we should win this election—in 1964 and not in 1968." He answered questions about his gubernatorial record in Pennsylvania and his voting record as a Congressman—which Goldwater literature had begun to attack as that of "a reluctant Republican who voted against his own party on 31 key issues." After 45 minutes, Scranton left. Behind him, the trap snapped shut —for Ev Dirksen rose to make his talk.

"You Know . . ." Dirksen pooh-poohed the importance of Goldwater's vote against cloture on the Senate civil rights filibuster. "You've got to remember," Ev orated, "that a vote on cloture is a procedural matter. My own disposition generally is against cloture in the Senate." Arizona Senators, he told the caucus, traditionally vote against cloture. "I once asked my esteemed colleague, Carl Hayden, the present pro tempore of the Senate, about this. Senator Hayden said that if cloture had been invoked on the issue of admitting New Mexico to the Union, Arizona never would have entered the Union. The reason—it was proposed to admit New Mexico to the Union with Arizona included within its boundaries. Had that happened, there would be no Arizona today."

Soothing and smooth, Dirksen made Barry's vote against the bill sound like an act of statesmanship. "I urged Senator Goldwater several times to vote for the bill. But Senator Goldwater had reservations on two titles of the bill—the fair employment and accommodations sections. I was well aware of this," Dirksen said. "You know, it is not my business to quarrel with my fellow Senators. They have convictions. I wouldn't think much of a fellow who didn't have convictions and who didn't assert them."

That said, Dirksen allowed that he'd now like to talk a bit about opinion polls—to bring them "into a little better focus, just a little better focus." Goldwater has recently trailed Late Entry Bill Scranton in the sentiments of rank-and-file Republicans, but Ev recalled that when he won his Senate seat in 1950 from powerful Democrat Scott Lucas, polls showed him behind by as much as 10 to 1. "Why, some polls even showed me behind the eight ball in 1962!" Ev cried. Then, like a philosophical father, he assured the delegates they needn't fret about Barry's popularity. "I remember," pealed Ev, "a chap telling me last month that he was on his way to California to bet a bundle on Nelson Rockefeller. I told that chap that I would assume he knew what he was doing since the amount he was prepared to wager was not inconsiderable. But I also asked him

where he got his information. He replied, 'From the best pollsters of all—the boys in Las Vegas.' Well, polls are polls, and at no time have the pollsters done well in 1964—and the best cure for polls is a strong, fighting candidate."

Because He Wanted To. Dirksen's words were still ringing in their ears when the delegates went through their pro-Goldwater roll call. Chuck Percy, as surprised as anyone by Ev's passion and vehemence, passed when his name was first called, recalled that during his primary campaign he had pledged to vote for the choice of a majority of the Illinois delegation. Said he last week: "I

he would like to be Vice President. 'I'd have to dedicate roads and court-houses and bow to visiting princes and kings,' he said in mock sadness. "I am not a candidate."

Barry, well aware of the enormous boost his candidacy had gotten, said confidently, "This just means that I have more delegates than I thought I did—maybe 690, something along in there. But I'd like a few more; then I'd say I was over the hump." Later Goldwater was even more confident. "Scranton just hadn't been moving," he said. "He needed a big break, and the only state where he could possibly get it would be Illinois. We had expected to

get 40 of those delegates. We got 48. Three others we know we have, so that makes 51—and five of the remaining are leaning to us. So when Dirksen agreed to nominate me, I think that was it. After all, here's a party leader who says, 'You're going to win, and I want to be with you.'"

Still in There Fighting

Despite his setbacks, Bill Scranton kept up the fight. Said he to a newsman: "There isn't much time remaining. I know, but I have been told by professionals that I am further along at this time than Willkie and Eisenhower were before they were nominated."

Scranton even managed to put the best light on his Chicago defeat, saying calmly: "I came to Illinois with the calculation that 54 delegates would vote for my opponent. Our plan for the visit was to begin to demonstrate to the delegates at first hand that a vast majority of Republicans in Illinois, as elsewhere, prefer my candidacy. Dick Nixon said on television in Chicago last week that if ten Illinois delegates did not vote for Goldwater—watch out. This was what I was watching for also—then we would be on our way. Ten did not vote for him."

Out of Step. This week Scranton planned a second assault on Illinois: No matter what Ev Dirksen might say about polls, Scranton figured that he had some new ammunition in a statewide survey calculated to create second thoughts among delegates. According to Scranton, Illinois Republican and independent voters preferred Scranton over Goldwater, 65% to 35%. Moreover, when the two men were matched against Lyndon Johnson, the same voters picked Johnson over Goldwater, 38% to 25% (37% were undecided), while they favored Scranton over Johnson, 33% to 24% (43% were undecided). This was one of the first times since Lyndon took office that any Republican has beaten him in any poll. Scranton figured to barnstorm Illinois early in the week, hitting "as many



DIRKSEN, PERCY & SCRANTON
Better go along with the majority.

now instruct the secretary to cast my ballot as soon as a majority vote is cast for one candidate—for that same candidate." When the 30th Goldwater vote was registered, Percy—knowing that his chances of winning in November may be seriously hurt by a Goldwater presidential ticket—went on record for Barry.

As soon as the roll call was over, Dirksen hurried out to talk to waiting reporters. Said Ev: "We took care of all unfinished business. There was a motion to take a poll for the purpose of clearing the air and making some contribution to national thinking in this area." A reporter asked why Dirksen voted for Barry Goldwater, and the Senator boomed happily, "Well, because I wanted to."

Predictably, there were instant rumors that Ev Dirksen would become Goldwater's vice-presidential running mate. But Ev is 68 years old and ailing with an ulcer. More important, he loves his role in the Senate, and only hours after the Illinois caucus, Dirksen himself scotched the stories that

places as possible," top his campaign off with a nationwide telecast, then head for San Francisco.

Last week, in a high-speed delegate-wooing tour, Scranton traveled 7,000 miles, visited ten cities in ten states. From North Carolina to North Dakota, he kept up a blistering attack on Goldwater's candidacy. In a nationally televised speech from his home near Scranton, Pa., he laced into Barry: "If a man marching in a parade discovers that his cadence is different from every other marcher, who is he to say that the rest are out of step? But despite all this—despite the knowledge across the country that he lacks public support—despite his reckless pronouncements in the area of war and peace—despite his unorthodox and unusual views of what the Republican Party stands for—despite all of this, Senator Goldwater today is the front runner in the contest for the Republican presidential nomination. This can be changed. For the sake of our party and of our nation, it must be changed!"

At the end of the telecast, he urged people to fire off telegrams supporting him, later reported happily that wires were piling up at the rate of 1,500 an hour.

"Reckless Proposals." Next morning he breakfasted with delegates in Charlotte, N.C., then flew to Atlanta, where he got a roaring welcome from a confetti-throwing crowd. Cried Scranton to Georgia's convention delegates: "Of course we Republicans believe that the states should exercise maximum responsibilities. But we also believe in federal responsibility. We believe that the honorable doctrine of states' rights should not be used to set South against North, to set East against West, to set black man against white man."

That afternoon he was in Knoxville, Tenn., where he blasted Barry for suggesting that the TVA should be sold. Snapped Scranton: "I cannot ascribe



SCRANTON IN BALLOON OVER SIOUX FALLS
"For the sake of our party and nation."

these views of my opponent, all placed firmly on the record, to malice. He is not that kind of man, I think that ignorance must be the explanation."

After the affair in Chicago, Scranton flew to Salt Lake City, attacked Goldwater's foreign policy stands. "I know that my opponent in his heart wants peace. He is a gentle man. But isn't he playing the warmongers' game when he proposes authorizing field commanders to use tactical nuclear weapons on their own initiative, when he suggests sending the marines to capture the Guantanamo water supply? These are reckless proposals. They are the very opposite of the calm strength with which President Eisenhower for eight years maintained the world's peace."

After a session with delegates and a balloon ride in Sioux Falls, S. Dak. to dramatize his high-flying hopes, Scranton pushed on to Fargo, N. Dak., where he spoke of the potential reaction to Goldwater's civil rights bill vote. "When you arouse emotions in that very vital and human field," cried the Governor, "it can create disruptive disorder, even violence, which we all want to avoid."

Words with Ike. Among the hopes held by Scranton backers was the possibility that Dwight Eisenhower might yet be persuaded to endorse their candidate. Scranton was irked by Ike's refusal to move. Said he: "I wasn't able to stay neutral, and I feel very strongly about this, and if I were somebody else I would assume I'd act like myself—that is, get out and do something about it."

That was Backer Cabot Lodge's main assignment from Scranton headquarters—to get Ike to speak out for Scranton. Lodge had convinced Eisenhower that he should run in 1952, and he seemed a logical man for the job now. He made a stab at it last week at

Washington's Walter Reed Hospital. The meeting did not go well.

When Ike arrived at the hospital Lodge was waiting inside. But outside on the steps were dozens of reporters. Ike flushed deeply when he saw them. He strode past, paused only when a reporter asked about the meeting with Lodge. At that, Ike whirled about, said angrily: "I'd just like to know how you knew about it. That's all!" Then he stomped inside.

The two men talked for 45 minutes and Lodge went all out, even urging Ike to nominate Scranton. When he left the hospital, Lodge described the meeting in cryptic terms. "You will probably not be surprised to hear that we talked politics," he said. "I can give no details on that. Events will disclose what took place." What had actually happened was very little: Eisenhower had budged hardly at all, agreeing only to meet with Lodge again, probably late this week in San Francisco.

One Platform for All

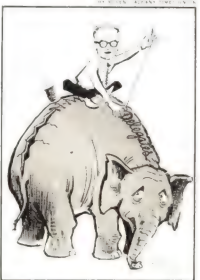
In one of his most eloquent statements, William Scranton last spring warned that the inability of his party to speak with one voice had made it appear as a negative force in U.S. life. Declared he: "All of that can change. Republicans should form a new coalition—with themselves."

Few Republicans would agree more heartily with that sentiment than Melvin Laird, a bright, balding Congressman from Wisconsin, chairman of the 1964 Republican Platform Committee and a man who means to write a document acceptable to all G.O.P. factions. Says Laird: "We're not writing a Goldwater platform, a Rocketteller platform, a Scranton platform or a G.O.P. Governors platform—we're writing a Republican platform."

"The American Position." Laird describes himself as "a creative conservative"; he is tightfisted on fiscal matters,



"BUT, CABOT, IT'S LOW TIDE!"



"WHAT SPLIT? I'VE GOT IT SEWED UP!"

and extremely knowledgeable in foreign affairs. Although only 41, he is serving his sixth term from central Wisconsin's dairy-minded Seventh District, which contains Marshfield (pop. 14,600), his birthplace and still his home. He earned a B.A. from Minnesota's Carleton College, a Purple Heart in a kamikaze attack on his destroyer in World War II, entered politics through the Wisconsin state senate. Last year he wrote an introduction to a collection of scholarly essays known as *The Conservative Papers*, in which he expressed the hope that "the conservative position will come to be known more accurately as the American position."

In 1960 Laird was serving as vice chairman of the G.O.P. Platform Committee when Richard Nixon flew to Manhattan, huddled with Nelson Rockefeller, and arrived at the famed "Treaty of Fifth Avenue," which considerably liberalized a platform already drafted. Incumbent President Eisenhower was irked by its implied criticism of his defense policies. Conservatives on the platform went into open revolt, and the situation got so out of hand that Laird had to step in and take over the chairman's gavel from Illinois' inexperienced Charles Percy. Within 20 hours, acting both as cop and conciliator, Laird worked things out. Again, in 1962, he was the chief architect of a Declaration of Republican Principle and Policy, which has been endorsed both by Goldwater and his moderate Republican opponents.

Pinpointing the Principles. This year, to avoid a disruptive clash, Laird consulted frequently with Rockefeller and Goldwater, more recently with Scranton, to pinpoint principles upon which all can agree. He has pleaded with state leaders to name reasonable, rather than emotional delegates to the 106-member Platform Committee (each state selects one man and one woman, as does the District of Columbia, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands). The committee will include 16 members of Congress—largest number in the party's history—and Laird is high on its overall competence.

The timetable for this week's public hearings calls for testimony from Rockefeller, Lodge, Scranton and Goldwater at morning sessions, and from some 150 representatives of special-interest groups in the afternoons. Each night an eleven-member drafting committee will digest the day's hearings, relating them to position papers already on hand from the candidates, from academic sources, congressional Republicans, and the prestigious Critical Issues Council, which, under the direction of Milton Eisenhower, has issued eleven detailed papers on such topics as Cuba, civil rights and the Far East.

The Drafting Committee hopes to sit down in earnest Friday night. Its three principal writers are: Bryce Harlow, a former Eisenhower speechwriter; Malcolm Moos, another one-time Eisenhower speechwriter, who has been advising Scranton; Karl Hess, a former Washington newsman and one of Gold-

water's key advisers. The drafting group will report to the full Platform Committee, hopefully on Saturday. If sharp disputes between Goldwater and moderates break out, Goldwater should be in excellent shape, since a hefty majority of the committee members favor his candidacy.

"Take the Platform." Actually, Goldwater will go to considerable lengths to avoid a platform fight, since a clash over an emotional issue seems to be the only thing that could blow the convention open and give Scranton a chance. Top Goldwater aides are likely to seek compromise rather than a fight, and to suggest: "You take the platform; we'll take the nomination."

From the pre-convention campaign, the various position papers, the 1962 Declaration of Republican Principle and Policy, and the 1960 platform, the

a state-sponsored recitation of prayer in public schools than on any other issue in contention. He considers the issue a real "sleeper." Conservatives may seek blunt criticism of the decision. Laird himself is sympathetic to the complaints, has warned: "In this world, it is becoming more and more unpopular to be a Christian. Soon it may become dangerous."

• **SOUTHEAST ASIA.** The platform will undoubtedly criticize the Democratic Administration for the deterioration in the U.S. position in Southeast Asia, and particularly for the worsening military situation in Viet Nam. Neither Henry Cabot Lodge's role as ambassador in Saigon nor his view that it is not a practical subject for partisan debate is likely to deter the delegates. Republicans most likely will advocate a tougher prosecution of that war, or at the least,

WALTER DUNNETT



MELVIN LAIRD (SECOND FROM LEFT) AND G.O.P. COMMITTEEMEN*
Not Goldwater, not Rockefeller, not Scranton—but Republican.

outlines of this year's platform discussions already seem clear. They include:

- **CIVIL RIGHTS.** Goldwater's vote against the civil rights bill set this up as the key issue. If there is to be a major platform battle, Laird believes that it will be between Goldwater delegates who insist that the party advocate repeal of parts of the new bill and moderates who may propose much tougher measures than are included in the bill. Already, Pennsylvania's Senator Hugh Scott, the Scranton spokesman on the Platform Committee, has urged a flat statement that the party considers the bill constitutional, which would go directly against Goldwater's declaration in the Senate that it is not. Laird hopes that all factions can get together on a simple statement pledging vigorous enforcement of the new bill. Goldwater has indicated that he can readily agree to that. Laird may also propose new measures to secure Negro voting rights in the South, another proposal that Goldwater would accept. Since it takes two to tangle, there may not be much of a fight.

- **SCHOOL PRAYERS.** Laird reports that he has had more requests to be heard by witnesses who want to condemn the 1963 Supreme Court decision banning

urge that a basic decision be made either to win the war or pull out.

- **MEDICARE.** If liberal Republicans are looking for a scrap, they could easily get one by proposing that the G.O.P. endorse a social security-financed system of medical care for the aged. "We'd be bound to resist that," says Goldwater's top platform spokesman, Arizona Congressman John Rhodes. The 1960 platform insisted that any such program must be voluntary so that private medical groups and commercial insurance companies could expand their coverage.

- **ETHICS IN GOVERNMENT.** One point upon which all delegates will agree is that the platform should roundly condemn the Democrats for failure to investigate fully all ramifications of the Bobby Baker case.

- **CUBA.** All factions of the party are eager to blast the Democrats for allowing Fidel Castro to maintain a Communist stronghold on Cuba. More positively, the party seems likely to endorse steps recommended by the Critical Is-

* California Representative Glenard Lipscomb, Laird, New York Representative Charles Goodell, New Jersey Representative Peter Frelinghuysen, Standing, Arizona Representative John Rhodes.

sues Council. They include a U.S. declaration that the U.S. is prepared to use military power "as a last resort" to free Cuba from Communism, the creation and support of a free Cuban government-in-exile, non-intervention with exile raids on Cuba, and the enlistment of allies in tightening the economic boycott of the island.

Laird rejects a proposal made by Goldwater last spring that the platform be limited to a 250-word statement of general principles, but hopes to keep it under 7,000 words. (The 1960 R.O.P. platform ran to some 15,000 words, the Democratic, 21,000.) Laird wants

for instance, has only three elevators to service its 23 floors; at the 1956 Republican Convention, patrons had to wait for as long as 1½ hours to catch a ride. There are still only three elevators, and with a bigger crowd expected, the wait could be even longer.

Despite (or perhaps because of) its "sophistication," San Francisco can be a gouge town—a fact to which many a World War II serviceman can attest. Thus many homeowners are moving out for convention week, asking \$100 a day and more for three-bedroom digs. Under the best of circumstances, parking places are virtually nonexistent.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Tourist

At times, Attorney General Bobby Kennedy seemed more like an eager office hunter on the hustings than a tourist in Poland. As thousands of Poles cheered him on a half-day visit to Cracow, Kennedy turned to the city's mayor and joked, "I am going to announce my candidacy for the mayoralty of Cracow."

Building Bridges. Fresh from Germany, where he had unveiled a memorial plaque to President Kennedy on the façade of the West Berlin City Hall,



SAN FRANCISCO FROM THE BAY
The Gate is open wide and solid Golden.

it to include a statement of principles, a section on domestic problems, another on foreign affairs and national security. His major innovation is to lump all of the criticisms of the Democrats into one section.

Welcome to Daly City

From the north wall of the Cow Palace jutted a \$250,000 broadcast booth, newly completed for three TV networks. In the south wing, office cubicles for radio, newspaper and magazine reporters took shape. Telephone men installed 36,000 miles of wire, 3,000 phones. Overhead, a 40-ft.-by-100-ft. banner swung into place, bearing a likeness of Lincoln and the legend "Of the people, by the people, and for the people."

"This convention will be a record breaker—no doubt about it," said John Taxalt, a Nevada lawyer, who is a member of the convention's housing committee.

Taxalt was not glowing: as a matter of fact, he sounded pretty apprehensive. For, as usual, the convention promises plenty of headaches. Until the 1,200-room San Francisco Hilton was completed this year, only two major hotels had risen in San Francisco since the Sir Francis Drake went up in 1928. Moreover, many of the facilities are inadequate. The famed Mark Hopkins,

Fleets of rental cars are streaming into the city. A brigade of some 500 chartered buses will be shuttling constantly between downtown San Francisco and the Cow Palace, 6½ miles away.

Still, San Francisco is popular, if only because of its peculiarities. The old cable cars still rattle up 45-degree hills. There is Chinatown, which these days sells Japanese-made trinkets. There is Fisherman's Wharf, for abalone and prawns. There are some of the best restaurants in the U.S. There are the swinging nightspots of North Beach, where the most popular dance is that variation of the twist called "the Swim," which, until last week at least, was taught at The Condor by an instructress in a topless swimming suit atop the piano.

San Francisco is happy to be host, and well it might be. By conservative estimate, the conventioners will generate \$5,000,000 in new business. One who is nonetheless disgruntled is Michael DeBernardi, 38, the publicity-conscious mayor of Daly City (pop. 57,200) outside San Francisco. Daly City recently annexed the unincorporated area on which the Cow Palace stands. And whatever the handouts say, insists DeBernardi, the Republican Convention is not really being held in San Francisco at all. Welcome to Daly City.

Bobby was mobbed by enthusiastic Poles from the moment he landed at Warsaw airport. Despite press silence on the visit, a throng of several hundred was on hand to meet him and to be reminded of "a kind of historic harmony between our two countries, a rhythm of events that causes our destinies to march together." When Kennedy, his wife Ethel and their three oldest children went to Sunday Mass at Warsaw's St. John's Cathedral, they emerged to find a crowd of 5,000 waiting for a glimpse of them. The Kennedys clambered atop Ambassador John Moors Cabot's limousine, and were serenaded with a chorus of *Sto Lat*, a sort of Polish version of *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow*. Kennedy asked how many there had relatives in the U.S. About one-third raised their hands.

Throughout his four-day visit, Kennedy stressed the traditional and blood ties between Poland and the U.S., asking for help in building the "bridges of reconciliation" between eastern and western Europe. The spontaneous approval roared back by the crowds predictably ruled official Polish feelings. At a dinner given by Ambassador Cabot, Deputy Foreign Minister Jozef Winiewicz proposed a toast reminding Kennedy of "the strict political realism

of our links with Socialism and with the Soviet Union."

"Misfit." Before leaving for London on his way back to the U.S., Kennedy visited with Stefan Cardinal Wyszyński, Primate of Poland and symbol of the Roman Catholic Church's opposition to the Communist government. Polish officials urged him not to see the cardinal, insisting it would be against the best interests of U.S.-Polish relations. Kennedy disagreed, pointed out he was a Catholic on a private trip to Poland. He and the cardinal talked for an hour at the Jasna Góra monastery in southern Poland.

Bobby also expressed a few views on U.S. domestic matters and his own future. The head of the Polish Student Union at the university city of Cracow wanted to know about his brother's assassination. "I believe it was done by a man with the name of Oswald," Kennedy replied, "who was a misfit in society. There is no question that he did it on his own and by himself." He said, for the dozenth time, that he would step down as Attorney General after the November elections. Later, still musing about the possibilities, he said he just might spend a year in England.

The Homecoming

"All I've done since I came home," said Henry Cabot Lodge, "is to talk." And when he wasn't talking Republican politics, he was talking foreign policy—in a way that made fellow Republicans, who intend to use the Vietnamese war as a campaign issue, wince.

"On the Right Track." In his defense of Administration policy in South Viet Nam, Lodge told reporters: "If we persist, there isn't any question that this pacification effort can succeed, and I think we will persist. I think the thing is well organized now. I think the doctrines are very clear. The means are at hand to do it. There is a very fine un-

derstanding between the Vietnamese and the Americans, and I believe that the whole thing is on the right track."

There are, said Lodge, "a whole range of things, a range of many things, that can be done in the future, which I think we're going to do and which can be quite effective." Among other things, Lodge said, he had recommended that "very politically mature" Americans be sent with their families into each of the four Army corps areas of South Viet Nam to advise the Vietnamese on how to build a viable political system. If such measures are taken, Lodge said, "I think you can clean up the provinces around Saigon maybe in two years, and if you did that you would have gone a long way toward breaking the back of the snake."

Lodge scoffed at Barry Goldwater's suggestion that low-yield atomic weapons might be used to defoliate jungle supply trails. Said he: "We defoliate every day. Using an atomic bomb to defoliate is like using an atomic bomb to light a cigarette. We use weed killer."

Lodge also clashed head on with the report of a committee of 13 Republican Congressmen, led by Michigan's Gerald Ford, which scored the Kennedy Administration for actively aiding the overthrow of the Diem regime. Lodge angrily denied that the Administration had been involved in any way. Ford advised that American officers now be given direct command of Vietnamese troops, instead of remaining merely as advisers. To that, Lodge retorted: "If we do that, we become a colonial power. I think it is pretty well established that colonialism is over."

One Trouble. His round of press conferences over, Lodge and his wife Emily headed for a long weekend at their home in Beverly, Mass., with their two sons and ten grandchildren. With them went two Tibetan pups named Buster Brown and Rover Boy, gifts to Mrs.



GENERAL & MRS. MAXWELL TAYLOR

With no illusions, off to a great, hard task.

Lodge from an orphanage she aided in Saigon. The Lodges couldn't spell the breed name of the pups—Ihasa Apso. But a quick look at their genealogy showed they had the makings of ideal companions in such uncertain spots as Saigon. The intelligent, sharp-eared dogs were bred in the lamaseries around the sacred city of Lhasa, teamed with the fierce Tibetan mastiff as watchdogs. The mastiffs were chained outside while the small dogs were indoor sentinels. Only trouble is, neither Buster Brown nor Rover Boy is housebroken.

The Leavetaking

"I believe," said Montana's Mike Mansfield to the Senate shortly after noon one day last week, "that in this statesman-soldier we have a man of extraordinary ability and integrity who well understands the situation in that area, and who will represent us with great patriotism and great devotion. I believe this is a truly outstanding appointment for which this country can be proud."

Majority Leader Mansfield was speaking of General Maxwell Davenport Taylor, 62, whose nomination as U.S. Ambassador to South Viet Nam, succeeding Henry Cabot Lodge, had just been unanimously confirmed.

Next day, with a precision born of 40 years as a soldier, Taylor strode out of the Pentagon's river entrance exactly at 10 a.m., escorted by Defense Secretary Robert McNamara. Lined up before him was an honor guard of ceremonial units from each service and the U.S. Army band. Three 105-mm. howitzers roared a 19-gun salute over the muggy Potomac.

Max Taylor was retiring from the Army for the second time. The first time was in 1959. Taylor, then Army Chief of Staff and bitter over President Eisenhower's defense policies, quit three years before reaching the normal re-



MRS. LODGE & TIBETAN PUPS

With persistence, success.

retirement age of 60. Two years later, John Kennedy brought him back to Washington as his military adviser, afterward named him chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

As part of the full-honors retirement ceremony, Taylor reviewed the troops, stopping occasionally to talk with a soldier, inspected some howitzers and found them spotless. That done, he received from McNamara his third oak-leaf cluster in lieu of a fourth Distinguished Service Medal. Said McNamara, borrowing the title of Taylor's *The Uncertain Trumpet*, his post-retirement analysis of U.S. defense ills: "Maxwell Taylor has never sounded an uncertain trumpet. He will always be one of the first to whom we turn with the hard tasks, the great challenges."

That afternoon President Johnson echoed that same sentiment at a Rose Garden swearing-in ceremony for the new ambassador. Said Johnson of Max Taylor's new job: "There are no illusions about the difficulty of the challenge. There are, likewise, no illusions about the responsibility or the importance of the assignment."

Taylor ordered his wife, mother, son and daughter-in-law "front and center" for pictures with the President, went back to the Pentagon to clean out his desk before flying to Saigon on July 5.

THE PRESIDENCY

Doin' the Bird

Lyndon Johnson, it is well known, likes dancing parties. But in Washington these sweltering days, even the two-step is hot work. Thus, after a state dinner for visiting Costa Rican President Francisco Orlich and his wife Marita, President Johnson took his guests out onto the low-lying rooftop adjoining the east wing, only a few hundred feet from the street, where they danced under Japanese lanterns that swayed in the cooling breeze.

Jimmy Durante was there. So was Evangelist Billy Graham, Author John Dos Passos, Banker David Rockefeller, Senator Hubert Humphrey, Under Secretary of Commerce Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr., and onetime Vice President Henry A. Wallace. Luci Baines Johnson, two days before her 17th birthday, had 25 of her teen-age friends in tow.

Artificial grass carpeting and cabaret tables ringed the dance floor. To the distress of Secret Service men, tourists strolling along Pennsylvania Avenue had what amounted to ringside seats. The evergreens set out as a screen at the last minute were too skimpy to block the view. As it turned out, it was quite a show.

Humphrey and his partner got applause for their performance of the "Humphrey special" to *Alexander's Ragtime Band*. Luci and her friends gyrated through the twist and the frog; then the President himself came on with a stomp of uncertain origin that might

have been a presidential version of a step-teen-agers have dubbed the "bird." To the racy tune of the old Edith Piaf favorite *Affrodite*, Lyndon took Luci in a modified bear hug and whirled her around while flapping time to the music with his elbows.

That was about all the dancing Lyndon did. He had caught a cold in California, he said, and didn't want to spread it around.

In the mansion home of the chief of state, it somehow seemed a remarkable affair. But for Lyndon and Lady Bird Johnson it all fit easily and naturally as a woodsman's felt crusher. In seven months in the White House they have put on at least 25 major windings, including eight state dinners—each with a minimum of preening, a maximum of fun and easy conviviality. After all, who else in the world could comfortably mix Jimmy Durante, John Dos Passos and David Rockefeller with a teen-age twist party?



HAIRCUT IN KANSAS CITY

End of a sorry era.

CIVIL RIGHTS

Time of Testing

In the barbershop of Kansas City's Muehlebach Hotel, a 13-year-old Negro boy, Eugene Young, hopped into a chair, opened his fist to display two \$1 bills, and ordered a haircut. Without hesitating, Barber Lloyd Soper covered the lad with a white apron, took out his clippers and went to work.

Only the day before, Eugene had been refused service in the same shop. But in the intervening 24 hours, the most far-reaching civil rights bill in U.S. history had become the law of the land—and, as the Negro boy climbed into the chair, the time of testing had begun.

Fiftful Doodling. During its 1181-day legislative voyage from the House to the Senate and then back to the House again, the bill had been desperately fought all the way. Among its final foes was wily old Virginia Democrat Howard Smith, chairman of the House Rules Committee. At a 61-hour session last

week, Smith used every parliamentary trick to delay committee approval of the Senate-amended measure.

The hearing's first witness was Brooklyn Democrat Emanuel Celler, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, which wrote the original version of the bill. Celler read the bill section by section while Smith doodled fitfully. When Celler began enumerating the Attorney General's powers, Smith scribbled cryptically on his note pad: "Atty. Gen.—Czar." When Celler had finished, Mississippi's William Colmer blew up. "If it's not politics," he cried, "then what is behind all this rape of the constitutional and legislative processes? God pity this young republic!"

But the segregationists' battle was lost, and they knew it. The committee voted 10 to 5—with California Republican H. Allen Smith joining four Democrats in opposition—to send the bill to the House floor with a recommendation for approval. And next day, by a lopsided 289 to 126 (with 153 Democrats and 136 Republicans voting aye, 91 Democrats and 35 Republicans voting nay), a cheering House of Representatives gave final and historic approval.

A Reassuring Note. Four and a half hours later, the civil rights bill lay on President Johnson's desk. Staring deep into the eyes of television cameras, Johnson spoke slowly and somberly to the nation. Millions of Americans have been denied equal opportunity because of their color, said the President, "but it cannot continue. Our Constitution, the foundation of our Republic, forbids it; the principles of our freedom forbid it, and the law I will sign tonight forbids it."

"The purpose of this law," he said, "is simple. It does not restrict the freedom of any American, so long as he respects the rights of others. It does not give special treatment to any citizen. It does say the only limit to a man's hope for happiness, and for the future of his children, shall be his own ability. It does say that those who are equal before God shall now also be equal in the polling booths, in the classroom, in the factories, in hotels, restaurants, movie theaters, and other places that provide service to the public." To help communities over hurdles in implementing the new law, Johnson said, he was naming LeRoy Collins, former Florida Governor and now president of the National Association of Broadcasters, to head the Community Relations Service established by the bill.

Not all of the upcoming tests of the civil rights bill would be as trouble-free as young Eugene Young's haircut. But a reassuring note was struck by Georgia's Representative Charles Weller, who turned to his Southern colleagues on the House floor and said: "I would urge that we now move on to the unfinished task of building a new South. We must not remain forever bound to another lost cause."

The Search

Gripping heavy wooden clubs to fend off water moccasins and rattlesnakes, 400 sailors slugged through eastern Mississippi swampland last week, poking and peering. From 14-ft. aluminum skiffs, equipped with walkie-talkies, search teams dipped grappling hooks into the sluggish, brown Pearl River. State highway patrolmen went back to knocking on doors, searching for a clue they might have missed. For the fourth time President Johnson dispatched new contingents of FBI agents, who set about quizzing every employee at the two principal manufacturing plants in nearby Philadelphia, Miss. But still there was no trace of the three young civil rights workers whose station wagon had been found charred and abandoned a week earlier.

For a time, attention turned to Sheriff Lawrence Rainey of Neshoba County, where the car was found. Rainey, it was learned, had killed two Negroes in the county in the past four years. Explaining it, he said: "The first had me down choking me, and the second was shooting at me." Rainey still had not joined in the search.

There was a flurry of excitement when the mutilated body of a young white man was found at Oakland, Miss., about 100 miles from the search area. At first it appeared that it might be the body of Michael Schwerner, one of the missing trio. It was later identified as that of a carnival worker run over in a highway accident.

During the week, some 300 more volunteer civil rights workers—most of them white students—poured into Mississippi, and violence continued. In Hattiesburg, two white men fired shotgun blasts into student automobiles parked outside a civil rights headquarters. From rural southwestern Mississippi came muttered reports of militant white segregationists arming with automatic weapons and hand grenades.

Increasingly fearful, civil rights leaders in Mississippi got off letters to the



TROOPERS GUARDING ST. AUGUSTINE WADE-IN
Hours of uneasy peace.

parents of students already in the state, warning them of the potential danger. Then they announced that planned forays into rural areas had been delayed and, finally, that no more volunteers would be accepted for this summer's "Mississippi project."

This Time, Things Changed

At week's end St. Augustine was once more a sleepy seashore city. But its peace was uneasy, and behind lay a pattern of racial violence that could erupt again at any time.

Since mid-June, Negro and white demonstrators under the guidance of Martin Luther King Jr. had staged daily wade-ins at the predominantly white beach, paraded nightly through historic Slave Market park. One night two weeks ago, some 400 whites were whipped to a frenzy by a California rabble-rouser named Connie Lynch, who cried: "I favor violence to preserve the white race any time, any place, anywhere. Now I grant you, some niggers are gonna get killed in the process, but when

war's on, that's what happens." The mob surged forth, threw itself at 250 civil rights demonstrators. For 15 minutes, a pitched battle was waged. Police tried to stop it but were overwhelmed by the mob. Finally the Negroes retreated, taking along 40 wounded.

Stalking at Night. In the nights that followed, shotgun-toting whites and Negroes stalked each other. White youths in a pickup truck fired into a Negro home; a Negro blasted a carload of whites with a shotgun, hitting one man in both legs; rifle shots from the darkness wounded a Negro riding in a car.

At the same time, another victim of St. Augustine's racial hatred, the Rev. Charles M. Seymour Jr., was fighting a different battle—to stay in his pulpit. Father Seymour, for 15 years rector of St. Augustine's Trinity Episcopal Church, had admitted Negroes to services a week before, now was under attack by the church's vestry, who were pressuring him to resign. Last week Florida's Episcopal bishop, the Right Rev. Edward Hamilton West, gave Father Seymour his "absolute support," said Seymour: "The doors of the Episcopal Church are open to anyone, any time."

Whites at Bay. As last week began, Negroes staged their usual march to the beach. This time things were different. State troopers, part of a 230-man contingent ordered into the city by Florida's Governor Farris Bryant, waded into the water with the demonstrators, formed a ring around them and kept angry whites at bay with police dogs. That night, the Negroes marched on the Slave Market. Whites were waiting, but again the troopers kept the peace.

Next day Governor Bryant announced that a biracial committee had been formed to try to talk out St. Augustine's conflict. King called off further demonstrations, told his followers: "Every 1,000-mile journey begins with a first step. This is the first step on our journey here in St. Augustine."



DRAGGING PEARL RIVER FOR MISSING TRIO
Two weeks without a clue.

THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

The Bitter Family

The passenger manifest on Cubana Airlines' twice-weekly Flight 464 from Havana to Mexico City included the usual Communist Chinese businessmen, returning Latin American "students," and privileged Cubans permitted to travel abroad. Among them was a chubby young woman with a Cuban diplomatic passport. "I came to see my sister Emma," she told the Mexican immigration man. He nodded idly and passed her through. He knew her by sight, and so did Mexican reporters. Fidel Castro's sister Juanita had made the trip before. "It looked to me like she had watery eyes, as if she was ready to cry or to say something," a newsman told his city editor that night. "Those Cubans," snorted the editor. "You never know what they are going to do."

Ten days later, Juanita Castro Ruz called a press conference and tearfully announced that she had defected from Cuba. "I cannot longer remain indifferent to what is happening in my country," she said. "My brothers Fidel and Raúl have made it an enormous prison surrounded by water. The people are nailed to a cross of torment imposed by international Communism."

Never Close. The news caused an instant, shocked sensation in Latin America, where by tradition, if not always in fact, middle-class families are large, close-knit—and tight-lipped. But the Castros of Birán (pop. 2,000), in eastern Oriente province were never very close. Cubans who remember them in the 1920s and '30s paint a picture of a hard, avaricious father, Angel Castro, and his bitter, complaining, common-law wife, Lina Ruz. Angel started by selling railroad ties to United Fruit Co., soon bought into a sugar-cane property,

expanded into cattle, built himself a general store, and by various, sometimes shady deals had amassed more than \$500,000 at his death in 1958.

There were seven children—Angelita, 40, Ramón, 39, Fidel, 37, Raúl, 33, Juanita, 31, Emma, 29, Agustina, 25—and two others fathered by Angel during a first marriage, Pedro Emilio and Lidia, both fortyish. That first marriage was not ended by divorce until Lina had already borne Angel five children. Then, finally, Angel married her, despite his loud-spoken accusations that Raúl had been sired by one of Lina's many other lovers. Neighbors remember that this gnawing suspicion later brought Angel to file, then cancel, a divorce suit. In the midst of such braying accusations and inconstancy, Fidel soon grew indifferent to the family—all except his worshipful brother Raúl. Nevertheless, when Fidel and Raúl went into the Sierra Maestra, most of the family rallied to their cause, sending food and supplies, raising money, going up in the hills to help organize his guerrilla camps. In 1958 Juanita, then 24, even traveled to the U.S., to plead for funds.

Disaffection set in soon after Fidel came to power. When the two revolutionaries insisted on imposing "agrarian reform" on some of the family estates, Ramón, who had worked hard maintaining the property, angrily exploded: "Raúl is a dirty little Communist. Some day I am going to kill him." Emma, only mildly involved to begin with, met and married a Mexican, then moved out of the country. Next, the bearded Fidel's antireligious measures infuriated his mother. When Castro declared himself a true Marxist-Leninist, Juanita too threw up her hands in despair.

Angry Scenes. Quietly, she turned her Havana home into an underground refuge. She protected anti-Castro rebels fleeing the police, slipped out bits of intelligence information, and is credited with helping at least 200 people to escape the island. Fidel obviously knew

much of what was going on. Yet to arrest the Maximum Leader's own sister would stir a major scandal. His agents kept her under surveillance, but she came and went as she pleased. Last August, after the mother died, there was a violent episode when Fidel decided to expropriate the family land once and for all. Juanita started selling the cattle: Fidel flew into a rage, denounced her as a "counterrevolutionary worm," and rushed to the Oriente farm.

On that occasion, her protector was Raúl, who was still fond of her, and warned her in time to flee into hiding in nearby Camagüey province until Fidel simmered down. It was probably Raúl who also cleared the way for her final trip to Mexico. Her ruse of making a "visit" was far too flimsy to fool anyone. She took along 21 bags.

Fidel may not have known. "This incident for me is personally very bitter," he told reporters with controlled fury last week, charging that "her statements were written in the United States Embassy in Mexico City." He then ordered the press never to ask him about the matter again.

BRAZIL

Help from Abroad

Few countries are deeper in debt than Brazil. It owes the U.S. \$1.2 billion, Europe and Japan \$711 million, various international lending agencies \$437 million—then there's another \$1 billion in short-term debts and interest. The total comes to \$3.4 billion, of which \$892 million falls due this year, another \$354 million next year.

Last week Brazil's major creditors met in Paris to see what they could do about saving the nation from bankruptcy—and give President Castello Branco's revolutionary government a chance to work some sorely needed reforms. At U.S. urging, the economists agreed to recommend to their governments that some 40% of Brazil's debt, which normally would fall due in the next two years, be carried over until 1967 and then paid off during the next five years. As an added boost, the U.S. has also just approved a \$90 million Food-for-Peace program for Brazil, along with a new \$50 million loan to help brace the cruzeiro currency.

It seems like a good gamble. In the three months since Brazil's army toppled Leftist President João Goulart, the government has pushed through a 30,000-unit low-cost housing program, and is now steering broad agrarian, tax and banking reforms toward a vote in Congress. Businessmen are beginning to regain their confidence in the country, and the cruzeiro, which snapped back from 1,700 to the dollar just before the revolution to 1,300 on the day of Goulart's ouster, has remained steady ever since.



FIDEL'S MAMA LINA RUZ



SISTER JUANITA

The worm turned.



SISTER EMMA

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

Then There Were None

In the three years since Dictator Rafael Leonidas Trujillo was assassinated, the Dominican Republic has been governed by one interim President (forced to resign), one seven-man provisional Council (which held elections), one constitutional President (toppled by military coup), and one civilian triumvirate of which not a single original member remains. The last of the three men who took over administration of the unhappy little Caribbean nation ten months ago resigned last week. He was Manuel Tavares Espaillet, 40, a cultured, U.S.-educated (Yale) scholar and the only real administrator and planner in the original triumvirate. He quit because he was disgusted with the endless bickering and backbiting that keeps the country from making any real recovery after more than 30 years of dictatorship.

"Politics," said Tavares, "seeps into everything that is done in the Dominican Republic today, so that even if one is interested in the administrative and economic side of government, one can't avoid it. And I just wasn't cut out for politics." While in office, Tavares helped get an international economic mission in the Dominican Republic, restored the ailing sugar industry to private enterprise (under Trujillo, it was almost a personal monopoly), created an industrial-incentive program with lower taxes to encourage foreign investment, and promoted a student-credit institute to help his countrymen get an education. But at every turn, he found himself hampered by squabbling generals and politicians.

Tavares' resignation leaves Donald Reid Cabral, 41, who joined the triumvirate last December, as the man completely in charge. A shrewd, tough-minded onetime auto dealer, Reid is trying to lead the country into new elections by mid-1965. Six political parties have ratified a plan for two elections—for the Constituent Assembly and the presidency. But deposed President Juan Bosch's supporters and two other parties are withholding their support. Bosch followers are demanding full political freedom for their exiled leader; the other holdouts want more guarantees that a free election will be held. Not until the three parties agree to the plan will it go into effect.

CANADA

Mr. Pearson's Troubles

"We all need a holiday, I guess," sighed Canada's Prime Minister last week. Mike Pearson had reason to feel weary. Since taking office early last year, his minority Liberal government has weathered no fewer than 25 votes of confidence; its defenses are often weak and clumsy in the uncontrolled parliamentary debates, its legislative program is making only the slowest progress. And like Pearson, Canada's



CANADIAN CARTOONS

Often weak, and less than candid.

politicians, its press and public are beginning to get tired of the game.

The one man who seems to enjoy it all immensely is old John Diefenbaker, the ex-Prime Minister who suffered the same wasp-stinging from Pearson and now leads the Conservative opposition. When Diefenbaker was under attack, there were major issues at stake such as Canada's nuclear commitment to the U.S. Now the rough and tumble in the House of Commons often sounds more like a schoolyard squabble. Diefenbaker makes the most of it to bedevil Pearson and ridicule him before the splinter parties on which he depends for support.

Kites & Flags. When Pearson's government recently hinted that "the realities of the situation" might force Canada to depart from its policy of non-recognition of Red China, Diefenbaker rose in Commons to demand "whether this was just a case of kite flying, or does it represent a change of viewpoint on the part of the government?" Replied Pearson: "It does not represent a change of viewpoint." "So it is kite flying," snapped Diefenbaker. When Pearson revealed in the House that the government is making a study of the growing secessionist pressures in French Quebec and how secession would affect Canada economically, Diefenbaker all but accused him of plotting secession and forced embarrassed attempts to "clarify." The loudest and longest hassle erupted last May when Pearson proposed a new maple leaf national flag to replace the Red Ensign. "Flags," roared Diefenbaker, "cannot be imposed on the Canadian people by the simple, capricious personal choice of the Prime Minister! His personal choice will divide the nation." And with help from Diefenbaker, it did.

Even so seemingly minor a matter as a Canadian Broadcasting Co. TV film of a day in the life of the Prime Minister threw Parliament into a tizzy. Conservatives charged that Pearson had first tried to censor the film, then persuaded CBC to kill it altogether—meanwhile



"deliberately misinforming." Commons about the incident, Pearson's unnecessarily hesitant replies (he had seen an early version but not the final version) left Canadians with the vaguely uneasy feeling that perhaps there was something to the fuss after all. Said an exasperated member of the Pearson-supporting New Democrats: "Here we have a situation that could have been cleared up right off by a candid, complete statement of about 200 words by the Prime Minister. But instead he backed away and backed away. Ever since they got in, the Liberals have flubbed on point after point."

"Grey, Quiet Failure." After more than 90 working days this year, Parliament has passed only five relatively minor bills. Completely neglected in the leaderless confusion were such major items as a new pension plan for Canada, armed forces unification, a federal student aid program, and a twelve-mile fishing limit. In Ottawa's press gallery, newsmen long endeared to Pearson are starting to make the same acid wisecracks they once leveled at Diefenbaker ("Well, fellows, we've got a government to overthrow"). Wrote Diefenbaker Biographer Peter Newman (*Renegade in Power: The Diefenbaker Years*) in the current issue of *Maclean's* magazine: "Although there have been almost none of the brass-band disasters of the Diefenbaker years, the domestic policies of the Liberals have been a grey, quiet failure."

One way for Pearson to cut the parliamentary Gordian knot and reassert his flagging leadership would be to call an election, in hopes of producing a clear Liberal majority. But the polls are discouraging: the Liberals would probably win, yet only enough to form another fragile minority government. "Canadians do not want another election," said Pearson. "I do not want an election. The Cabinet and caucus do not want an election. Though it is getting harder and harder, we remain determined to carry on as if we had a clear majority."

THE WORLD

JAPAN

The Fresh Start

Roar. Rattle. Bump-bump-bump. Bee-beep beep. Clang. Rat-tat-tat. The illuminated sign at a Nishi-Ginza intersection in downtown Tokyo blinks a tentative 80, then flashes to 82.

Red light. Screech! North-south traffic stops. The number blinks: 81, 79, 78. Ready, east-west? Engines whine. Clutches out. Getaway! Flash goes the sign: 79, 81, 82—84!

Tokyo being Tokyo and gadget-minded Japanese being gadget-minded Japanese, some campaigner for municipal quiet has dreamed up the idea of erecting an electronic billboard to measure Nishi-Ginza's sound level, translate it into phons (decibels), and transmit it in illuminated numbers to a populace presumably shamed into silence. There it stands, beside a bold sign proclaiming **BE MORE QUIET! THE NOISE AT THIS MOMENT: 78 PHONS. STANDARD FOR RESIDENTIAL AREA: 50 PHONS. BUSY CORNERS: 70 PHONS.**

Bedrooms and Highways. Nowadays, as Japan prepares for the XVIII Olympic in October, Metropolitan Tokyo's 10 million-plus citizens don't even look up at the noise-measuring machine. It remains for the newcomer to stand, dazed and deafened, gazing at the measurement of the world's biggest city tearing itself down, building itself up, air-hammering its streets into rubble, ripping out its innards, and riveting itself into ever-more-sprawling, ever-more-ugly bigness.

The tumult and the clamor have been going on ever since Tokyo began rebuilding the wreckage of World War II. But the phons intensified as the Olympics neared. The problem was the low-slung nature of Tokyo itself: a megalopolis covering a radius of about 65 miles, with sidewalkless streets barely broad enough for two rickshas to

pass cautiously, most of them lined with open-fronted shoe stores, rice stores, restaurants, confectionaries, raw-fish shops.

Superhighways worth \$470 million had to be built over 58 miles of Tokyo to cut the traveling time along vital arteries to Haneda airport and the outlying Olympic sites. Bedrooms had to be built for part of the expected 30,000 visitors: dormitories had to be prepared for 7,000 athletes to sleep in; a pool for them to swim in, arenas for them to wrestle in, ranges for them to shoot on. All the while, the city raced ahead with its normal frenzy of office-building, subway-building, sewer-laying and department-store erecting.

Beor with Us. The result is a pace of life twice as dizzying as New York, thrice as noisy as Chicago. Each evening, out of nowhere, a mob of workmen materializes on a downtown street. Looking for all the world like shrunken Erich von Stroheims in yellow hard hats, puttees and jodhpur-like work pants, they throw up signs reading: **FOR THE SAKE OF THE OLYMPICS, PLEASE BEAR WITH US.** With that, work lights burst into brilliant glare, diesel compressors roar into life, air hammers rip into the pavement, and dust begins to rise. Comes the dawn. Trucks rumble up loaded with thick lengths of timber. Racing against the clock, the workmen literally pave the torn-up street with the square logs—just in time to let the morning torrent of traffic flood through.

Can Tokyo possibly finish the building job by October? There have been doubters. Workmen are still scrambling all over the swooping, tent-shaped roof of the vast Olympic swimming pool and the upward-spiraling conch-shell roof of the Olympic basketball court. A fleet of five truck-trailer, mobile public rest rooms is still under construction for the Olympic games area (nobody seemed to have included enough public

toilets in the original building plans), and in the hope of stopping a practice that might offend foreign guests, posters are going up in the subways, pleading: "Let's refrain from urinating in public." The \$19.4 million Shiba Prince Hotel and the \$38 million Otani Hotel are racing to join the already finished Tokyo Hilton and Okura.

Lure of Wheels. But at least 90% of the halls, arenas and playing fields are ready for the athletes and the crowds. Last gaps in the new \$55 million monorail from refurbished Haneda airport to downtown Tokyo Station are being closed. Partially completed elevated highways have cut the road time from airport to city to 40 minutes or so. The high-speed railway that will carry passengers the 300 miles from Tokyo to Osaka in three hours is ready to run—but company officials must figure out how to curb suicide-minded Nipponese who want to be among the first to fling themselves under the fascinating wheels.

So clear has the rebuilding goal become that a new song, *Fresh Tokyo*, has been recorded by Pop Singer Sayuri Yoshinaga:

Fresh morning comes.

Oh, fresh morning!

Why is Tokyo so appealing and attractive?

Why does it make one dream?

Because, with all its flowery streets,

Tokyo marks a fresh start as

A new Tokyo this year.

"The American Crime"

Seven daring but inept Tokyo thugs planned a kidnapping that would rock the nation. Their intended victim: Emperor Hirohito's youngest daughter, the former Princess Suga. She was to be held for \$138,888, the biggest ransom in Japanese history. Disguised as a meter reader, one plottor entered and eased the princess' house. The gang moved in



ROAD CONSTRUCTION NEAR IMPERIAL PALACE



OLYMPIC GYMNASIUM ABUILDING

A roar of rending innards at 84 phons.

for the snatch three times, only to have something go awry. Before they could make a fourth try, the police were tipped off and collared the gang, building an airtight case with full confessions. Yet last spring the accused were convicted only of trespassing and illegal possession of weapons. They got mild sentences of eight months to three years.

Unlike the U.S., where the sentence might be death, Japan is so lighthearted about kidnapping that sentences for the most successful snatchers (unless they involve murder) seldom exceed six months. Japanese law is modeled on the German criminal code of 1907, which viewed kidnapping as a minor crime because it was so rare. But in postwar Japan, the soft law and a yen for yen have sharply increased what the French call "the American crime." Over a ten-year period, Japan recorded 4,728 kidnap cases, and the maximum penalty of ten years was given only 2% of the perpetrators.

For a while, it all seemed an unpleasant but harmless game, since the vast majority of the victims got home unscathed. But in two grisly cases last year, one victim was raped and murdered, and no trace has ever been found of the other. Clumsy police work encouraged cries for reform. One of the judges in the Suga case lamented, "Our criminal-code statutes are sadly out of line with our sense of values."

The Diet last week approved far stiffer laws, including a kidnap penalty of three years to life, and the country's first kidnap-conspiracy rap (one month to two years). But if kidnappers give their victim a break, they will still get a break from the law: those who surrender and do not harm their victims will have their sentences halved. With time off for good behavior, a kidnaper sentenced to life may be sprung in seven years.

INDIA

After Shastri, Who?

For years, the question in New Delhi was, "After Nehru, who?" It was answered on Nehru's death by the unanimous election of tiny, humble Lal Bahadur Shastri as Prime Minister. Last week, after only 24 days in office, worried Indians were already asking, "After Shastri, who?"

With shy, childlike excitement, Shastri had been preparing for this week's London meeting of the Commonwealth heads of state. The trip was vitally important, since Shastri was to confer personally with Pakistan's President Ayub Khan in hopes of finding a solution to the Kashmir dispute that has so long divided their countries. Shastri, who has only once in his life been beyond India's borders, and then only to neighboring Nepal, was especially looking forward to spending a night at Chequers, the country estate of Britain's Prime Ministers.

Suddenly, Shastri fell ill. At first Indians feared it might be a heart attack



MRS. SHASTRI AT THE STOVE
Soothing bulletins, a gently chiding press.

similar to the one he suffered in 1959. But the doctors put the blame on inoculations for cholera and typhoid, in preparation for the London trip. As soothing medical bulletins continued to be issued, the Indian newspapers did not press for details, and editorial comment gently chided Shastri for his 18-hour working days.

Then, last week, in the midst of a blistering heat wave that made New Delhi a furnace, it was abruptly announced that Shastri would not go to London after all, but would be represented there by Finance Minister T. T. Krishnamachari and Nehru's daughter, Information Minister Indira Gandhi. Shastri's statement said he was bowing to the wish of his doctors and added, "I myself feel well enough, but they are unyielding."

Shastri's comfortable, old-shoe quality was best shown by his insistence that he convalesce in his bungalow in New Delhi, where his retiring wife, Lalita Devi, does all the cooking, not only for her husband but for more than a dozen relatives and all the servants and secretaries. "Don't they all belong to one family?" she asks, and seems unperturbed by the stream of visitors who come to commiserate with Shastri, rub his back or simply exchange with him the palms-together *namaste* salute.

At week's end Indians were disturbed by an authoritative leak that the trip was canceled because Shastri had indeed had a heart attack and must rest for at least six weeks and cut down on his tireless pace if he hopes to lead a normal life. With the shadow of Nehru's death still hanging over the country, India was unnerved at the prospect of so soon again having to search for a leader. If Shastri is incapacitated and must resign, candidates for the prime ministership would be legion, ranging from ex-Finance Minister Morarji Desai, who had been eager to run against Shastri, to Indira Gandhi and Home Minister Gulzari Lal Nanda, currently the No. 2 man in the Cabinet.

Downing the Daos

The most warlike Baptists in the world can probably be found among the Naga tribesmen in the northeastern corner of India. From the protective cover of their primeval forests and rocky hills, the Nagas have fought a twelve-year guerrilla war and withstood air raids by Indian planes and ground attacks by about 40,000 Indian troops. Though they started out armed only with some old Japanese rifles and their traditional *daos*, a long knife shaped like a meat ax, the estimated 5,000 rebels now have relatively modern weapons, some captured from the Indians, but most supplied by India's subcontinental rival, Pakistan. Last week, with the Baptist Church serving as mediator, the Naga rebels agreed to lay down their *daos* for a month-long armistice and an official peace conference.

The quarrel dates back to 1947, when the Nagas expected to get their independence at the same time as India. Instead, the 370,000 Nagas were incorporated into the Indian state of Assam. Fighting began in 1952, when the Assam Rifles tried to enforce Indian rule. Under the British raj, the Nagas were left more or less alone. Their chief contact with the outside world came through U.S. and British Baptist missionaries, who built schools and clinics and tried to put clothes on the Naga, which in Sanskrit means "naked." A vigorous and intelligent people, thought to be distantly related to the Indonesians, the Nagas are avid for education, skilled at terrace farming, and use dogs for eating as well as hunting. Naga men, like Americans, always turn to look at the back of a girl's leg—a well-shaped calf is the epitome of beauty in Nagaland.

India has always felt somewhat guilty about its Naga war, especially since Gandhi himself had promised the hill people independence if they wanted it. Last year Nehru gave in to the extent of creating Nagaland state, with its cap-

ital at Kohima. In February, a Baptist convention proposed that a three-man committee consisting of two Indians and Britain's champion of the underdog, the Rev. Michael Scott, explore the prospects of talks with the rebels. The Naga leader, Angami Zapu Phizo, who is known to his followers as "The One," and who lives in exile in London, was promised immunity if he returned to India.

In New Delhi last week the Indian government confirmed that the Naga armistice will begin on July 26. During that period the Indian government will suspend military operations, reconnaissance flights, imposition of fines on villages that misbehave, and restrict patrolling to a thousand yards from the perimeters of army defense posts. For their part, the Naga rebels will suspend ambushes, sniping, kidnapping of hostages and attacking army posts and administrative centers.

MALAWI

Nation No. 35

With dozens of former African colonies and territories declaring their independence since World War II, the ceremony has become more or less ritualized. And so it was last week in Malawi, formerly the British central African protectorate of Nyasaland, now African nation No. 35. At the stroke of midnight, as fireworks lit the sky over Blantyre's Central Stadium, the Union Jack was hauled down in the presence of Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh. In its place rose the black, red and green banner of the newly sovereign nation of Malawi.

The new nation's credentials for sov-

ereignty are typically African. Landlocked Malawi is small, poor and mainly agricultural. Its potential is mainly untapped: its 9,000 whites are vastly outnumbered by its 11,000 Asians and 3,900,000 blacks. It must rely on outside help even to meet its annual budget deficit of \$12.6 million.

Jail & a Promise. That's where Prime Minister H. Kamuzu Banda comes in, and that's where the difference lies. A compact gnome of a man, Banda showed determination as a lad of twelve by walking the 1,000 miles from Nyasaland to South Africa, by working in the gold mines there and by saving some of his earnings to pay his passage to the U.S. Methodists helped get him to the U.S. and put him through high school; he went on to the University of Chicago and Meharry Medical College in Nashville, Tenn. He practiced medicine for seven years in London, in 1958 returned home to try and pull Nyasaland out of the Central African Federation controlled by white-dominated Southern Rhodesia. He battled Federation Prime Minister Roy Welensky at home and in London and went to jail as a result. But with his people behind him, Banda held the spades; finally he won a promise of independence from Britain.

Looking Outward. Something of a demagogue, natty little Kamuzu Banda, nevertheless, is wise enough to know where his country's wherewithal must come from. He has asked for and received a large and immensely popular contingent from the U.S. Peace Corps. He has persuaded the British to make up budget deficits of Malawi for its first five years of nationhood. He has established friendly relations with the Portuguese, who control his only outlet to the sea. He has persuaded London's Colonial Development Corporation to advance the bulk of the cash needed for a Shire River power project now abuilding. He is negotiating a loan from West Germany, has received technical assistance from the U.S.

When Malawi takes its seat at the U.N., says Banda, it will be "on the side of the nation which is right in international disputes. It so happens that the West is right most of the time."

THE CONGO

Reluctant to Reconcile

As the last 143 United Nations troops pulled out of the Congo last week, a departing Nigerian captain sniffed. "It's high time the Congolese put on their thinking caps for themselves." Actually, there were plenty of thinking caps being worn in that chaotic nation, but the thoughts they generated had little to do with one another. Everybody was certainly thinking the same question: Who could and or would finally lead the Congo to stability?

Premier Cyrille Adoula, hardly seemed the man. His government had been unable to suppress the vicious Communist-encouraged rebellions in

Kwilu, Kivu and North Katanga provinces that threaten total tribal anarchy. Indeed, Adoula resigned his premiership last week on the fourth anniversary of Congolese independence. And who was now touted to succeed him? None but that onetime renegade Moise Tshombe of Katanga fame.

Woored back to the Congo, Tshombe claimed the allegiance of every major faction. Wheeling and dealing as if every card were a wild dence, Tshombe seemed to hold a royal flush ranging from Kasai's rightist "King" Alberti Kalonji through such "moderate" face cards as Army Boss Joseph Mobutu and Justice Minister Justin Bomboko to the Communist-backed National Liberation Committee's André Lubaya. But the N.L.C. could still prove a joker in Tshombe's hand: Leftist Antoine Gizenga still languished in forced exile last week on an island at the mouth of the Congo River. Not until the conditions of his freedom are established can any new government count on genuine reconciliation.

Reluctantly recognizing Tshombe's claims for broad-based support, President Joseph Kasavubu appointed him *informateur*—the man charged with sounding out all political parties on the possibilities of forming a new government. Such an appointment might only be an attempt to provide Tshombe with enough political rope to hang himself. One could not really say that the promises of allegiance that Tshombe was getting would remain firmly in his control. But even if he fails in his search for reconciliation, he still has his political base of Katanga to fall back upon. And mineral-rich Katanga is the linchpin on which the Congo's economy hangs.



PRIME MINISTER BANDA
The doctor held the spades.



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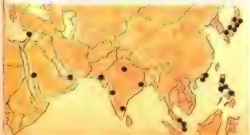
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COLONEL CHAABANI

Resistance, rebellion or death.

ALGERIA

The Man on the Mountain

Into the Saharan oasis town of Biskra rolled a cautious column of halftracks loaded with olive-uniformed Algerian troops. Spears of sunlight flashed from the lenses of binoculars as nervous officers searched the streets for signs of the enemy. But the town was empty of armed opposition, and all eyes lifted to the serene, sawback massif that reared beyond. Up there, among the blue defiles of the Aurès Mountains, waited the latest defector from Premier Ahmed ben Bella's socialist paradise, and with him were 9,000 well-armed veterans ready for resistance, rebellion or death.

"Historic Chief." The man on the mountain was Colonel Mohammed Chaabani, 32, onetime member of Ben Bella's ruling Politburo and the Algerian army's general staff. A tough, capable guerrilla leader during Algeria's 7½-year war with France, Chaabani had turned the Aurès and part of the Sahara south of the range into his personal fief. His men—historically mutinous Chaouia tribesmen whose ancestors had rebelled against Romans, Byzantines and Arabs alike—are equipped with armored cars, tanks and artillery, thus representing a more serious military threat to Ben Bella than the 2,000 Berber rebels under Hocine Ait Ahmed's command in the Great Kabylia range to the northwest.



Chaabani's rebellion grew from his resentment of Ben Bella's Defense Minister Houari Boumedienne, who after independence was won two years ago removed combat-hardened but unschooled officers from the army and replaced them with French-trained officers, many of whom had spent the war in exile. Chaabani was also opposed to the Marxist extremes of Ben Bella's regime, a sentiment he shared with former Party Bigwig Mohammed Khider.

Khider, one of the nine "historic chiefs" of the National Liberation Front, had shared a prison cell with Ben Bella during the dark days of the Algerian revolution, and lent his considerable political skills to Ben Bella in his rise to power in the F.I.N. Breaking with Ben Bella at the cataclysmic party congress of April 1963, Khider went into intermittent exile, but until this week was reluctant to endorse armed rebellion against the regime. At a Paris press conference held in an abandoned classroom on the Rue de Babylone, Khider broke once and for all with Ben Bella.

"Criminal Adventure." "The regime is now moving irresistibly down the dangerous path toward fascism and totalitarian rule," he said. "Such a regime must be abolished." Khider sided openly with the armed rebellions of Ait Ahmed and Chaabani.

Ben Bella himself was quick to react. Going on television, he damned Chaabani for undertaking a "criminal adventure" and drummed him *in absentia* out of the army, the Politburo and the Central Committee. At the same time, a police roundup of other critics of the regime seemed imminent. Missing from their homes last week were Ferhat Abbas, onetime F.I.N. chief and former president of the National Assembly, and Mohammed Boudiaf, a former Politburo member. Another former Ben Bella prison mate, ex-Vice Premier Rahab Bitat, was reported under house arrest.

But tough as he was in the cities, Ben Bella faced a much more difficult prospect in the mountains. At week's end, as government troops sat nervously in Biskra, and occupied the isolated towns of Bou-Saïda and Djelfa as well, it was clear that Chaabani as safe in the Aurès heights as Ait Ahmed is in the Kabylia. Both know their high redoubts inside out. And a punitive expedition mounted by Ben Bella could lead to a long guerrilla war like the very one that gained Algeria its independence.

FRANCE

Better than the Firing Squad

Take that, and that. If all this will not do.

I'll drown you in the malinsey butt within.

—Richard III

In the square, oak-paneled courtroom in Paris' ornate Palais de Justice, the light from four wrought-iron chandeliers set shadows flickering across the defendant's face. A fleshy six-footer

with rimless glasses and a bushy black pompadour, he sat impassively as five judges discussed his crimes. Jean-Marie Curutchet, 33, former paratroop captain in the French army and a top terrorist of the Secret Army Organization, stood indicted on 50 counts ranging from desertion through planning bombings and machine-gunning of police stations. But grislier of all was a crime for which he could not be tried: in 1957 Curutchet was responsible for the deaths of 41 Algerian rebel suspects in the village of Ain-Isser. The mode of execution was worthy of Shakespeare's Richard III: they were stuffed overnight in wine storage rooms and allowed to suffocate.

Feeling Heat. Curutchet heat that rap in a court-martial whitewash during the Algerian war, but the Paris tribunal had plenty of evidence pointing to assorted other assassinations as he came to trial last week. The prosecutor droned out the dreary list, explaining that in



ARGOUD & CURUTCHET IN MUNICH (1962)

Bombing, shooting and suffocation.

September 1961 Curutchet deserted to join the underground S.A.O. network in France and soon rose to become one of the leaders. By the fall of 1962, the French security forces had smashed the S.A.O. network in France and Curutchet had taken refuge abroad, living in Switzerland, West Germany and Italy, where Paris' extradition efforts came to naught. Like bloodhounds, the French security forces kept on the heels of their prey. In February 1963, they got their hands on Curutchet's old S.A.O. boss, ex-Colonel Antoine Argoud, beat him to a pulp and delivered him tied like a rib roast, for the trial and conviction that earned him a life sentence.

Feeling the heat, Curutchet made

Malinsey butt a cask of sweet aromatic wine

what he thought was a deal with his pursuers last November. He agreed to go from Rome to far-off Uruguay, where he would presumably be harmless, in return for a French passport and an all-expenses-paid trip for himself and his family. But barely had his Alitalia jet touched down in Dakar, in ardently Gaullist Senegal, than a detachment of gendarmes boarded the plane, grabbed Curutchet and dragged him off. Within 24 hours Curutchet was behind bars in Paris, and last week the judges filed out to ponder the evidence. It took them three hours to find Curutchet guilty and to decide on life imprisonment. The terrorist's wife, having feared death by firing squad, wept with joy.

SWEDEN

The Princess & the Trucker

The marrying season of Scandinavian princesses rolled on last week with a rainy ceremony on Öland island, 145 miles south of Stockholm. As King Gustaf VI Adolf of Sweden led his eldest granddaughter, Princess Margaretha, 29, down the aisle of the 13th-century church of Gärdsloa, the pink-faced groom, British Trucking Executive John Ambler, 40, waited beside an altar trimmed with wild flowers and flanked with birch trees. Television lights gleamed on the bride's golden crown and her simple wedding dress and veil of Brussels lace. Standing before Lutheran Archbishop Gunnar Hultgren, Margaretha answered the traditional question with a soft "Ja." Ambler said, "I will."

Although his valet, Miles, was among the wedding guests, none of Ambler's family was present. He had explained that his 68-year-old mother was too aged and frail to make the journey. The groom's uncle, Norman Ambler, who breeds dogs at Cap d'Antibes on the French Riviera and was also uninvited, scoffed at the story. He described his sister-in-law as spry and active, but added, "However, she is something of a religious fanatic—she is liable to start quoting the Scriptures at anyone. That may be one of the reasons John didn't invite her."

There were enough relatives of the bride to make up for any lack, ranging from her sister, Princess Désirée, who last month married a Swedish nobleman, to Denmark's Queen Ingrid, whose daughter Princess Anne-Marie weds King Constantine of Greece in September. Also on hand: a U.S. housewife from California who had won her invitation to the wedding on ABC-TV's *Queen for a Day* program.

The bride was serene until she reached the church vestibule, when she broke down and had a good cry. Margaretha then joined 150 guests at a reception under a domed, plastic tent. "Typical English weather," muttered Ambler, eyeing the falling rain. Then the newlyweds dashed for their car, which had been



THE AMBLERS

"I feel like a wounded pheasant."

decorated with a sheaf of wheat, symbol of fertility. As they drove away, Ambler carried a handful of rice in the face, remarked, "It makes me feel like a wounded pheasant." After honeymooning in Sardinia, Mr. and Mrs. John Ambler will be at home at Wilton Crescent in London's Belgravia. As compensation for having stayed put in Britain and watched the wedding on TV, the groom's family will meet the bride at a party next fall.

NORWAY

Reverse Response

The Norwegians had had enough of Nikita Khrushchev even before he arrived. Khrushchev had shown the Russian Premier touring Sweden and Denmark, had reported his boorish belittling of Danish farming and his sneering remarks on Swedish defenses. When he clambered onto the quay in Oslo, a ragged cheer broke out from assembled Iron Curtain diplomats—but not from the 3,000 curious Norwegians who had gathered to examine the visitor. One little old lady was moved to waggle her umbrella at Khrushchev and shout "Murderer" until a manners-minded policeman placed his white-gloved hand firmly over her mouth.

But, as always, Khrushchev on tour turned out to be far frolicking peasant, part common scold. In his lighter moments, he was engagingly frank. With half a glass of beer inside him, he was asked at an after-dinner party whether the Russians had ever solved their succession problem. Khrushchev's response was a jocular account of the 1957 at-

tempt by Bulganin, Molotov, Malenkov and Kaganovich to depose him. "Bulganin," said Khrushchev, "was and is a very good bookkeeper. He was even being a bookkeeper during the anti-party revolt. He thought that four was bigger than seven. He knows better now." Malenkov was "a weak man who could not make decisions. But we've solved that. That power plant he supervises is fully automated."

At Bergen's famed fish market, there was more heavy-handed fun. Khrushchev greeted an aquarium-housed Volga beluga as a fellow countryman, saw a market stall collapse and a photographer topple into a pile of fish, roared with laughter when the owner of another stall chased off a newsman by wildly swinging a fish as a weapon.

But in more serious moments, Khrushchev threw his hosts into a wintry Norwegian chill. On Cuba, he gave the impression that he would approve if Castro shot down an overflying U.S. reconnaissance plane, and would come to his aid if the U.S. retaliated. He denounced recent NATO maneuvers near the Russian-Norway border, and, as he had the Danes, advised Norwegians to get out of the Atlantic Pact altogether. The Norwegians neither needed nor wanted the advice—and their response was just the reverse of what Khrushchev was suggesting. The Russian said an outraged Norwegian government official, succeeded only in "solidifying all of our ministers in favor of NATO. If anyone had been wavering—and I don't think they were—then they are now totally determined."

BERLIN

The Cad Who Came In from the Cold

It was love at first sight, or so it seemed. Dashing, suave Peter Hansen, 25, a construction engineer, swept curvaceous Dorothea Voss, 17, off her feet with dancing by candlelight, dinners for two and sweet talk of marriage. Then off they motored from the West German town of Heide to West Berlin for a day's outing, with the blessing of the girl's parents. After lingering in sidewalk cafés, Peter suggested they go over to Communist East Berlin. "It'll be really interesting, darling," he whispered, tenderly pressing her hand.

Once through the Friedrichstrasse border checkpoint, Peter collected his girl friend's West German identity card to "keep her from losing it," parked her in a gloomy café on Karl Marx Allee with a kiss and a promise to return, and took off. Still starry-eyed, Dorothea waited and waited, but her Peter did not come back. Alone, and without her ID card, she could only go to the *Volkspolizei* for help. But the Vopos were in no mood to give courteous assistance to the lost traveler. Instead they tossed the sobbing Dorothea into jail on charges of complicity in an escape, for half an hour earlier, Peter



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Hansen had passed through the Berlin wall with quite another Dorothea Voss.

Actually Hansen was an already happily married East German escapee named Peter Selle. Upon leaving the real Dorothea, he had dashed to an East Berlin rendezvous with his wife Barbara, whom he had left behind when he fled to West Germany a year ago. Pondering various schemes to get Barbara out, he had hit on the idea of finding a West German girl who resembled her closely, luring the girl to East Berlin and then filching her documents. Winsome Dorothea Voss seemed to fit the bill, and the scheme worked perfectly. Once in West Berlin the reunited couple sped to Tempelhof Airport and winged their way to West Germany.

Their bliss was only temporary, for by now West German police had been alerted by Dorothea's parents. Catching up with Selle, the cops threw the cad into the Flensburg jail, then appealed to the East German authorities on Dorothea's behalf. For once, Red Boss Walter Ulbricht's stern Vopos listened sympathetically, last week released a sadder but wiser Dorothea after six weeks behind bars.

SOUTH VIET NAM

One Mission Too Many

His name was Kelly—Major Charles Kelly, of Sylvania, Ga.—but in the manner of combat soldiers the world over, his men seldom called him by anything but his nicknames. One was "Little Napoleon," because he was only a shade over 5 ft. 6 in. tall, had intense blue eyes and a shock of unruly black hair. They also called him "Madman Kelly," for during his six months in the South Viet Nam war, he flew more helicopter missions than any of the men he led.

As commanding officer of the U.S. Army's 57th Medical Detachment, Kelly insisted on rotating his men on dangerous night rescue missions, but kept his own name at the top of every flight roster. Of the 1,600 casualties his five UH-1B choppers had lifted from the paddies of the Mekong Delta this year, more than 500 were carried by Kelly himself. "He worked day and night, seven days a week," said one of his lieutenants. "He wouldn't even take a beer in the evening for fear it might affect his flying. He had only one purpose: to get wounded men under medical care."

One day last week a familiar message came over the field radio in Kelly's headquarters: five Vietnamese and one American soldier had been shot in a fire fight near Cantho. As usual, Madman Kelly led the flight. As his "Huey" fluttered loudly into the paddyfield, the big red crosses on its side shone brightly in the high noon sun. Twenty feet away, the survivors and the wounded lay pinned down in their foxholes as Viet Cong ground fire crackled from a nearby wood line. So Kelly calmly lifted the Huey off the ground and



"THIS RACE WILL TAKE A BIT OF FIXING!"

began to "walk" it sideways toward the wounded men.

Now the Viet Cong shifted their sights, began socking bullets into the helicopter. A steel-jacketed slug snapped through the Plexiglas, and Kelly slumped over the controls. The Huey crashed and rolled over, injuring the rest of the crewmen. Somehow they managed to pull the major from the wreckage, and went to work on Kelly's wound. It was in vain, for he was shot through the heart—the 149th American to die in action.

GREAT BRITAIN

Operation Sandpaper

In London last week, one bookmaker phoned another and said, "Something's up at Dagenham today. I don't know what it is or what race, but something's up." It was indeed. At the Greyhound Stadium in London's thriving industrial suburb of Dagenham, a determined band of bettors was about to attempt one of the greatest coups in the history of gambling.

Before the sixth race of the day, which had an entry of six greyhounds, innocent dog players at the track also began to notice that something was up: they found it impossible to get to any of the 31 betting windows. Already ahead of them in line were tough characters who were taking their own sweet time placing two-shilling (28c) bets, counting out the sums in small coins and brushing off protests with a snarl. The insiders were placing all their money on "forecast combinations" on the three dogs most likely to lose, thereby running up the odds on the three favorites. A forecast bet is similar to a quinella in the U.S., that is, picking the first two finishers in order. They did their job so well that only a single ticket was sold on the winning combination of Buckwheat and Handsome Lass, and the pari-mutuel payoff came to nearly \$2,800 for a 28c bet.

Busy Signal. Meanwhile, other insiders were flooding London's legal bookmakers with bets on the winning dogs. The bookies, who pay track odds, fran-

tically tried to lay off some of the money at Dagenham itself. But the telephone circuits serving the tote at the track were blocked and busy for a crucial ten minutes before race time.

When the tote payoff was announced at the staggering odds of 9,872 to 1, the stunned bookmakers realized they were on the hook for a possible \$28 million. Gleeful gamblers were already calling the caper "Operation Sandpaper" because it rubbed the bookmakers the wrong way. Fifty of the biggest bookies in England—from Joe Coral and Ladbrokes to Jack Swift and William Hill—gathered that evening at London's Victoria Club. The bookies agreed to call the betting on that particular race null and void. All money wagered on the race would be refunded.

Noisy Protest. London's Daily Express claimed that Operation Sandpaper had been masterminded by "a retired army officer, now a Midlands businessman," and said the team that had tied up Dagenham's betting windows numbered 170 men. The coup had taken three months to prepare, and the bankroll was £6,000 (\$16,800)—"£4,000 for betting, £2,000 for expenses."

Can the bookies legally avoid payment? Britons argued the pros and cons in bus queues and on commuter trains. Under Britain's Gaming Act legislation, a bettor cannot sue a bookmaker and vice versa. The police indicated that they saw no grounds for action against anybody, but the bettors' blife. The *Spurring Life*, warned that in refusing to pay, the bookmakers "have done themselves and their calling the greatest disservice possible." Besides loss of public confidence, the bookies might have to face a protest when their liencies come up for renewals in February.

U.S. bookmakers labeled the Dagenham caper a "builder play," and have occasionally taken a licking from the same technique. The most notable builder play took place in 1932 at Agua Caliente race track in Mexico. Staged by West Coast gambler Baron Long and Harry Fink, it boosted the odds on a horse called Linden Tree from a logical 7 to 10 to almost 10 to 1. By betting Linden Tree heavily with U.S. bookmakers, Long and Fink made a killing.



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PEOPLE

When *le Chef* greeted **Princess Bopha Devi**, 21, star of the visiting Royal Cambodian Ballet at the Paris Opera, with "You have a very beautiful costume, Mademoiselle," the daughter of Prince Norodom Sihanouk tittered prettily. Proud Papa, however, smiled. "My daughter has two children!" "Mademoiselle" was not *le mot juste*, but De Graulle was right about the costume, which weighed 35 lbs., mostly in gold and precious jewels, with a 6th century headdress valued at \$200,000.

The London Times ran it as an obit that black July 4, 1914, when the Harvard junior varsity became the first American crew to win the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley. But the Empire survived, and so did the eight stout oarsmen, captained by a wiry Yankee who became Massachusetts Senator **Leverett Saltonstall**, 72. And back to Henley they all went to celebrate their 50th anniversary with a row on the Thames and to donate a new Grand Challenge Cup to replace the leaky 125-year-old original. For Salty, it was enough just to be back, sipping champagne with strawberries and watching the English "Old Boys" and the ladies in their impossible hats. "It doesn't seem to have changed very much," he mused. "More motorboats and less punts, but still the same Henley."

A slimy 99" in Manhattan is strictly for lizards, but 2,500 hot-blooded types nevertheless turned out for the \$100-a-seat premiere of *Night of the Iguana* at Philharmonic Hall. The acoustics were spotty as usual, the beef Puerto Vallarta even worse, and Mrs. Burton.



AVA GARDNER
Flee?



BOPHA DEVI
Me?

in star-spangled blue, presided until Dickie showed up after curtains at *Hamlet*. But honors for the evening went to **Ava Gardner**, 41, in aqua satin, looking generations lovelier than the blowsy harriard she played on-screen. With the hordes outside hollering "We want Ava," she could hardly wait until after supper to flee to the peace of a Broadway jazz house.

In a local TV interview, Boston's **Richard Cardinal Cushing**, 68, let it be known that "eight years ago" (actually, it was 1954), he was operated on for the removal of a cancerous kidney, an area in which malignancy is fatal 63% of the time. "They gave me eight months to live," he said. "Somehow I survived. The Lord chooses the foolish to confound the wise."

On crisis mission or courtesy call, U.N. Secretary-General **U Thant**, 55, has flown to a dozen capitals in the past three years, but never to his home town, Rangoon. Between July 25 and 27, however, he plans a small detour en route to a visit to Moscow. He wants to visit his mother, now well past 80, and for the first time, the grave of his only son, Tin Maung (Timmy), who was killed two years ago at 21 in a Rangoon bus accident.

Beaming attendants swarmed all over the car that pulled into a Norwich, Conn., gas station. Battery checked? Oil? Windshield wiped? And wiped. And wiped. And wiped. Seems the young lady driver had on one of those new topless swimsuits, and while Yo-Yos and Hula-Hoops were fine for kids, this year's midsummer madness does absolutely nothing to weed the men from the boys. Policemen, politicians, churchmen all had their views. From the Tel Aviv cop who swore that "no nice Israeli girl would wear them" (25 suits had just hopped off local store racks) to Acapulco's mayor, who announced that if they turned up on his beach, "I would go to see them, naturally." The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Michael Ramsey, 59, when asked if a

Christian should express disgust, replied, "A Christian should express disgust at anything indecent, but short of that, the less disapproval the better."

Just like any other middle-aged couple seeing the U.S.A. in a Chevrolet, Soviet Ambassador **Anatoly Dobrynin**, 44, and his wife Irina ate hot dogs, stayed at motels, and plotted their way on A.A.A. maps for a 1,366-mile Western drive-it-yourself tour in a rented Chevy. Well, maybe there were a few small differences, home being where the heart is, and all. "It's a beautiful country," said Dobrynin. "Very much like Russia." The Rockies reminded him of the Caucasus, Wyoming of the Steppes, and Yellowstone's panhandling bears "are from Siberia." When it came to civilization, of course, the U.S. was outclassed by the masses. Vodka martinis, said Mrs. Dobrynin, "are the perfect way to ruin good vodka."

Poor girl. She would like to pass as all grown up, but when she was born, on May 9, 1946, her father and his monocolled friend were wisecracking at the top of the air waves, and news of her arrival splashed over the tabs. Now her age can be looked up, and reporters are starting to, because while Charlie McCarthy never got past eighth grade, **Candice Bergen**, Edgar's real-life daughter, grew up to be a living doll. Candice wants to earn enough modeling to study photography. "I am interested in the intellectual side of the camera," says she. But she may find the other end of the lens hard to leave. In the two months since she arrived in Manhattan from California, she has posed for the covers of *Mademoiselle*, *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Glamour*, earned \$1,800 in May alone.



CANDICE BERGEN
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THE LAW

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW

Is Nothing Obscene Any More?

PROBLEMS IN BED... were no problems at all to the members of Eastport's highly secret suburban switch club. Who could have problems with eight beautiful, different women to choose from? For that was the lot of each man in this fantastic sex-prowling group. They lived a lust-ridden, lightning-fast, terrifying and sex-crammed... **GAME OF WIFE SWAPPING!**

Under Kansas' anti-obscenity law, the state attorney general was justified in seizing 1,715 such "nightstand books" from a paperback dealer in Junction City. Last month, however, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled the seizure unconstitutional. Also voided were Ohio's ban against an allegedly obscene French movie, *The Lovers*, and Florida's ban against Henry Miller's scatological novel, *The Tropic of Cancer*. The conflict between the court and the states raised a puzzling question: To what extent are there any more enforceable U.S. laws against obscenity?

Proof Needed. Answers are not easy. Although the First and 14th Amendments guarantee freedom of speech and press, the Supreme Court has cast obscenity outside these rights, just as it does incitement to violence or publication of military secrets. But one trouble is that many cities and states have tried to suppress smut even before it reaches the public. This the court calls "prior restraint," meaning that a state invades freedom of expression if it bans obscenity on such vague grounds as "objectionable" before proving its case in a legal hearing.

In last month's Kansas case, the court did not feel it even had to decide whether the seized books were actually obscene. Speaking for the court, Justice Brennan merely declared: "If seizure of books precedes an adversary determination of their obscenity, there is danger of abridgment of the right of the public in a free society to unobstructed circulation of nonobscene books."

The Roth Case. But what if a proper legal hearing does find obscenity, as did the Ohio Supreme Court with *The Lovers*? By what standard does the U.S. Supreme Court test the finding?

Precisely because the court has shorn obscenity of constitutional protection, it feels duty-bound to deal individually with all such cases that reach it. And however objective it tries to be, the court is mired in what Justice Brennan calls "a difficult, recurring and unpleasant task"—setting a national moral criterion for a people of widely diverse standards.

The court's current obscenity doctrine rests on a 1957 decision (*Roth-Alberts*) which upheld the conviction of two mail-order smut peddlers. At that time, the court explained that ob-



BEDROOM SCENE FROM "THE LOVERS"

For a people of diverse standards, there is no single criterion.

scenity was material that was "utterly without redeeming social importance." The *Roth* test is "whether to the average person, applying contemporary community standards, the dominant theme of the material taken as a whole appeals to prurient interest," and whether, in addition, the material "goes substantially beyond customary limits of candor."

Roth failed to satisfy dissenting Justice Douglas, who argued that prurience is no sure test for sending errands to jail. "The arousing of sexual thoughts and desires happens every day in normal life in dozens of ways," said Douglas, citing stimulants from music to a woman's sight of a man. The court nonetheless retained its *Roth* rule last month as it brushed aside the ban on *The Lovers*, saying that the film contained merely one "explicit love scene in the last reel." In his dissent, Chief Justice Warren argued that local obscenity standards should still prevail because "there is no provable 'national standard.'" But the majority ruled: "It is, after all, a national Constitution we are expounding."

Resistance & Surrender. Local diversities are likely to remain. Just before the court summarily reversed Florida's ban on *The Tropic of Cancer* last month, for example, the Illinois Supreme Court (disagreeing with Wisconsin, California and Massachusetts) ruled the book obscene under the *Roth* test. Chicago prosecutors next week will spend several days reading *Fanny Hill* aloud to jurors hearing the case of a book dealer arrested for selling those 18th century "memoirs."

Illinois courts generally take a straitlaced view of such literature, but the probable test of *Fanny Hill* in the U.S. Supreme Court would be whether it is "hard-core pornography," which is unquestionably illegal. But what is hard-core? Justice Potter Stewart says only: "I know it when I see it." One expert

opinion calls it "a succession of increasingly erotic scenes without distracting non-erotic passages." In the *Roth* case, the U.S. Solicitor General described the "worst" of hard-core pornography as movies showing "people of both sexes engaged in orgies" that include "every form of sexual activity known."

In the Kansas book case, Justices Black and Douglas nonetheless implied that all censorship of any sort is unconstitutional. So too argues Los Angeles lawyer Stanley Fleishman, who won the case. As he sees it, all obscenity laws are doomed because the Supreme Court has now passed such books, as *Tropic*. "To be obscene," says Fleishman, "a book has to go significantly beyond what has already been declared not obscene, and that is impossible. You can't talk about sex any more frankly than is being done now."

See Here, General Kennedy

When the N.A.A.C.P. urged President Johnson to consider "taking over" race-torn Mississippi, Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy replied that the federal-state relationship forbids "preventive police action." Last week General Kennedy (Virginia law, '51) was given a failing grade on his answer by 29 law professors at Harvard, Yale, Columbia, N.Y.U., Pennsylvania and Boston College. Whatever Kennedy's political motives, said they in an open letter rebutting his "facile pronouncement," the legal facts are clear. The Federal Government has been fully empowered since Reconstruction to "take protective action in the circumstances that now prevail in Mississippi."

► Section 332 of Title 10 of the U.S. Code authorizes the President to use state militia and federal troops "when-ever he considers that unlawful obstructions, combinations or assemblages, or rebellions against the authority of the United States, make it impracticable to

enforce the laws of the United States in any state or territory by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings." It was under that statute that Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy took military action at Little Rock in 1957 and the University of Mississippi in 1962.

► Section 333 of Title 10 further empowers the President to use "any other means"—not only troops, but also federal marshals—"to suppress, in a state, any insurrection, domestic violence, unlawful combination, or conspiracy" whenever such an event denies equal protection to any class of citizens, or "obstructs the execution of the laws of the United States or impedes the course of justice under those laws." Obviously pertinent: Mississippi's denial of Negro voting rights guaranteed by the civil rights acts of 1957, 1960 and 1964.

Some may argue that the Constitution leaves the preservation of peace and good order exclusively to the states, said the law professors. But the argument has been without merit since 1879, when the Supreme Court affirmed the Federal Government's power to command obedience to its laws "on every foot of American soil." Prudence may curb this power in Mississippi, noted Kennedy's critics. But it is "disappointing and ironic that the Department of Justice, which has been hold beyond precedent in successfully urging the Supreme Court that the judiciary possesses the broadest powers to enforce the constitutional assurances of equality, should now discover nonexistent barriers to executive action."

COURTS

Getting the Feds to Pay

As the cost of living continues to rise, the price of a good lawyer continues to soar—so much that equal justice is still an empty platitude for the 60% of criminal defendants who cannot afford even a bad counsel. State courts are now trying the remedy of paid public defenders. But federal courts are still without the means to pay even court-appointed lawyers. Last week a U.S. district judge in Oregon blasted this anomaly with a broad-gauged decision that may not only cost Washington a great deal of money, but may be the nearest constitutional argument of the year.

A U.S. Appeals Court in San Francisco ordered Judge William G. East in Portland to hear alleged Bank Robber Edward J. Dillon's claim that he had been sentenced to 18 years without benefit of a lawyer. Enthusiastically complying, last spring Judge East ordered crack Portland lawyer Manley D. Strayer to represent Dillon, and the lawyer, toiling in Dillon's behalf, spent 108 hours of his usually high-priced time during a rehearing at which Dillon was resentenced. Federal rules bemoaning what they are, Strayer did not expect a penny.

Judge East had other ideas. Petition

the Government for pay, he told the lawyer, and then ordered Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy to show cause why payment should not be proffered. No such cause having been shown—other than Congress' refusal to provide such funds—Judge East ordered the U.S. to pay Strayer \$3,804. East's elegant reasoning: "The Fifth Amendment guarantees that private property shall not be taken for a public use without just compensation." In short, a lawyer's services are private property and cannot be commandeered without proper recompense. Result fit the decision stands up): a well-paid lawyer for a well-represented indigent.



ROSCE POUND

For *licens, Lucretius and liberty.*

LAWYERS

Paragon of Principle

"Law must be stable, and yet it cannot stand still," said Roscoe Pound. It was a principle that the renowned dean of Harvard Law School first began teaching the U.S. in 1906, when at 35 and still an obscure Nebraska lawyer, he stepped before the American Bar Association and blasted U.S. courts for archaic adherence to fixed rules." Thereafter famed as "The Schoolmaster of the A.B.A.," he followed the same principle in helping to shift the focus of U.S. law to social needs. Later, in his complaints about the resulting tendency of U.S. courts to become quasilegislatures, he was faithful as ever to his point. Last week, when Pound died at 93, a paragon of principle passed from U.S. law.

Massive, mustachioed, cigar-chomp-

Given in St. Paul, Minn., Pound's speech is considered so historic that last month the American Judicature Society, celebrating its golden anniversary, memorialized Pound's words with a bronze plaque in the Minnesota state capitol building.

ing Roscoe Pound was the precocious son of a local judge in Lincoln, Neb. "My blamed memory," he used to say, was so photographic that as a boy he broke up Sunday school classes by rattling off a chapter of the Bible after only one reading. At 12, he entered the University of Nebraska, at 17, emerged as a first-rate botanist, and between studying and practicing the law, he found time to earn a Ph.D. in botany and direct a botanical survey of Nebraska, which now boasts a rare lichen called *roscepoundia*.

Golden Age. It took Professor Pound only six years after he came to the faculty to become dean of Harvard Law School, and his two decades in the job (1916-36) were the school's golden age. Pound's combustible faculty ran a philosophical gamut from the conservatism of Edward H. ("Bull") Warren to the then liberalism of Felix Frankfurter. His standards were so high that one-third of his students failed to win degrees. Those who did, including Dean Acheson, Thomas Corcoran and David E. Lilienthal, often plunged straight into writing New Deal legislation. Himself an early Roosevelt Republican, Pound later became disillusioned with executive pressure on the courts and supported the G.O.P.'s Alf Landon in 1936.

After resigning as dean that same year, Pound became Harvard's first "roving professor"—entitled to teach throughout the university—and for eleven years he expounded on everything from sociology to Lucretius. Prime founder of the pioneering American Law Institute, he wrote 44 books, ranging from *Readings in Roman Law* to *The Spirit of the Common Law*. At 76, already a master of French, German, Greek, Hebrew, Italian, Latin, Sanskrit and Spanish, he took up Chinese in order to reorganize Nationalist China's judicial system. When the Communists took over the mainland before he could finish, Pound lambasted the State Department for having abandoned Chiang Kai-shek.

Service State. Peering out from under his inevitable green eyeshade, Pound spent the rest of his years at Harvard endlessly writing and watchdogging the "service state"—welfare Big Government that "undertakes to perform for us every service short of looking after our immortal souls." The service state's threat to law, Pound fretted, was its tendency to use the courts to back its policies rather than allowing the courts to restrain power. Government without judicial restraint, he warned, meant "a mere preachment bill of rights, a hierarchy of superman administrative officials who ex-officio know what is good for us, and ultimately a super-superman to give directions to the hierarchy."

Pound's remedy—a zealously independent judiciary—is now avidly sought by every U.S. lawyer worthy of the name. It is his monument that he saw the danger early, and alerted less precocious men.



Friendly suggestion

If you, too, are particular about taste, you don't have to wear a button to prove it! Simply smoke Pall Mall. Why? Because Pall Mall's natural mildness means just one thing: smooth, pleasing flavor. Flavor that's *blended in*—over, under, around and through the finest tobaccos money can buy! Smoke a *long* cigarette that's *long* on flavor. Buy Pall Mall Famous Cigarettes. Outstanding—and they are mild!



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MUSIC

ENSEMBLES

The Ancient's Mariner

"At sea," says Noah Greenberg, "you have a great deal of time to think—and I thought." What he thought about during his five years as machinist-messboy with the merchant marine was forming a group of professional musicians and singers to revive the all but forgotten music composed and played during the five centuries before the birth of Bach.

The group he formed was the New York Pro Musica. In a performance last week of Elizabethan music in honor of Shakespeare's 400th birthday at Tanglewood in Lenox, Mass., the six singers and four instrumentalists served

sica has introduced a steadily growing audience to the curious delights of a long and varied line-up of forgotten composers, such as the polyphonic wizardry of Ludwig Senfl, composer to the court of Maximilian I, the mystical motets of Martin de Rivaflacha, chapelmaster at the Cathedral of Valencia, and the Rubelaisian merriment of Adriano Banchieri, abbot of an Olivetan monastery. Its most ambitious undertaking was *The Play of Daniel*, a 12th century music-drama that was unearthed in the British Museum. Elegantly staged in medieval setting and dress in a Manhattan church, *Daniel* was a solid off-Broadway hit of the 1959 season, won further acclaim during a 40-performance tour of Europe. Today Pro Mu-

zinke, rebec, shawm, sackbut, regal, krummhorn, *Rauschpfeife*. In addition, Greenberg's Renaissance ensemble, which in costume looks as if it had just stepped out of a Fra Angelico painting, comes armed with a medieval bagpipe, hurdy-gurdy, viola da gamba, harpsichord, dulciana, portative organ, psalter, and a family of recorders. Although a few of the pieces are reproductions made by European craftsmen from museum originals or copied from instruments depicted in paintings.

Dark Corners. A native New Yorker, Greenberg, 45, studied piano as a child, first became intrigued with antique sounds while learning composition and conducting from a Renaissance-minded teacher. While in the merchant marine, (1944-49), he spent his off-duty hours on board ship poring over armfuls of old manuscripts and tomes covering the



PRO MUSICA IN "DANIEL"



CONDUCTOR GREENBERG AT REHEARSAL

From sackbut and krummhorn, sweet airs that give delight.

eloquent notice that pre-Bach music was not to be forgotten. Drawing from the works of Shakespeare's contemporaries—Thomas Morley, William Byrd, Tobias Hume, John Wilbye, John Dowland—Pro Musica shook the dust off a score of Elizabethan madrigals and lute songs, embellishing the rarefied melodies with a rhythmic liveliness and delicate twining of voices and instruments to produce, in Shakespeare's words, "sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not."

Hit Uneorthered. Pre-Bach compositions, Greenberg insists, are "not little delicate museum pieces. This was music of an exciting time, full of violent contrasts." The Tanglewood program presented by Pro Musica ranged from the solemn *Lamentations of Jeremiah* to the sprightly "hey ding a ding" of *It Was a Lover and His Lass*, an exquisitely chiseled duologue for recorder and flute, a blatantly comic *Tubero Is Like Love*, and a spirited *London Street Crier*, alive with the calls of street vendors and town criers.

Since its founding in 1952, Pro Mu-

sica can boast a season of some 25 concerts in New York and 16 weeks on tour. In September the ensemble embarks on a seven-week State Department trip to Yugoslavia and Russia with an increased complement of six vocalists and 13 instrumentalists.

Exotic Wildlife. The problem with pre-Bach music, explains Greenberg, is that "you're never certain exactly what scoring the composer has in mind. All the notes are there, but the composer very rarely put down who was to sing or play them." To the formidable task of determining the tempo, dynamics and instrumentation of the worm-eaten scores, Greenberg brings a composer's skill, a musicologist's interest in research and instinctive good taste. He searches for clues to instrumentation by digging through such obscure miscellanea as the purchasing orders for a 16th-century English town band.

To come as close as possible to the texture of the original music, Greenberg has amassed an impressive arsenal of strange medieval instruments whose names sound more like exotic wildlife—

history of Medieval, Renaissance and early Baroque music. When discharged he took a job with the International Ladies Garment Workers Union and soon had a select group of the members singing madrigals and motets plus occasional union song to keep the officers happy. In 1952 Greenberg talked Esoteric Records into bankrolling a professional ensemble to record Renaissance music. It was the birth of Pro Musica, but Esoteric died.

Newly fueled by a \$465,000 Ford Foundation grant awarded in 1960, Greenberg plans to explore further the uncharted "dark corners" of ancient music. "We have just barely skimmed the surface," says Greenberg. "There are vast continents of music that have yet to be discovered, understood and performed."

In order, a woodwind with a cup mouth piece, a pear-shaped viol, a double-reed ancestor of the oboe, an early trombone, a small organ with reed pipes and wooden resonator, a double-reed hook-shaped wind instrument, another double-reed wind instrument with piercing tone.



Cape Hatteras...

Conservation saved it for you. See it on your way to the New York World's Fair.

There may be pirate gold buried on these wild and lonely North Carolina beaches. Certainly, ships with costly cargoes were wrecked there. But to most men, the wild shifting dunes, the foaming breakers, the haunting loveliness of sea and sand are treasures enough.

A dedicated group of North Carolina citizens thought such treasures should belong to the entire nation, for all to enjoy. A newspaper editor campaigned to preserve them. Members of such groups as the Audubon Society and Izaak Walton League joined in.

But, there was no money for land purchase. So public-spirited citizens raised it themselves. They got substantial help from private foundations. And the state of North Carolina appropriated matching funds.

Now, more than 70 miles of this primitive

region is your Cape Hatteras National Seashore.

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Photograph taken with telescopic lens at sunset in the California oil fields.

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the capsules are poured into a well, they sink to the bottom where the temperature of the flowing crude causes them to dissolve a layer at a time, releasing inhibitors for months.

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EDUCATION

EDUCATION ABROAD

Breaking the *Bachot*

From the moment a French baby opens his little Gallic eyes, his ruling purpose in life becomes preparing for the *bachot*, the grueling baccalaureate exam that decides who shall enter universities and the *grandes écoles*, and thus automatically become the elite that will some day rule the nation. The exam was over last week, and in Paris and Marseille milling, delirious teenage students overturned cars, pelted passers-by with flour, bombarded police with eggs, set bonfires on the sidewalks. They were celebrating the end of the

ception provide proof of the reality of an object? Is it correct to speak of the lessons of the past? Is liberty of judgment compatible with the necessity of truth?" As word spread to 80% of the local students and to Nice, Corsica, Toulon and Paris, the price dropped to \$30. Many Frenchmen found the questions more interesting than the scandal, and abstruse discussions could be heard all over town.

Busy Signal. Police got proof of the fraud only on exam day, but bureaucracy made it impossible to switch to a standby *bachot*. The decision to change, explained an official of the Marseille test center, could be made only by the

sori Society. "I'm sort of the Mary Baker Eddy of this organization," she remarks, a little ruefully. But Nancy Rambusch is proud that beginning with Whitty in 1958, the Montessori movement in the U.S. has grown to 100 private schools (38 of them belonging to her A.M.S.), and the method may be on the verge of filling a big new role in big-city slums.

Heresy. The Whitty School was chartered from Amsterdam, headquarters of the international Montessori movement. There, Mario Montessori, natural son of the Italian woman who worked out the method, has carried on since her death in 1952 at 81. But when Headmistress Rambusch insisted on relaxing the strict discipline of the original Montessori dogma, Mario called her a heretic and withdrew the charter. "My task has been to create a society for the maintenance of the 'pure' Montessori," he explains with a sigh.

Then Nancy Rambusch quit the Whitty School, after a disagreement with the board of directors. At the same time, an ex-actor named Tom Laughlin founded a Montessori school in Santa Monica, quickly made it the biggest in the U.S., and brought in an authentically European Montessorian couple to run a teacher-training program. Orthodox Montessorian Laughlin scorns Nancy Rambusch, confidently expects that the A.M.S. will die within three years.

Despite such bickering, the movement thrives. Thousands of well-off U.S. couples, many of them Roman Catholics, accept the Montessori principle that a child's mind, far from being a clean slate, contains a blueprint of self-civilization; the school and teachers need only provide conditions for the child to follow the blueprint. Kids who are able to follow often learn to read, write and do binomial theorems at six—which is why Montessori schools rise faster than competent teachers can be found.

Hands Unlike Hands. Yet only now is the Montessori method being tried on the gravest problem facing big-city educators in the U.S. Recalling that Maria Montessori formed her educational concepts teaching 60 slum children in Rome almost 60 years ago, some Chicago experimenters are running a Montessori school that tackles the job of preparing preschool kids from racial ghettos for the strange world of middle-class public schools.

The children live in Chicago's Cabrini slum-clearance project. They are mostly fatherless Negroes and Puerto Ricans whose mothers work or are on relief. "Some of the older ones had hands that didn't even operate like hands," says the school's director, Marcella Morrison, who taught in Chicago public schools before she went to Greenwich for a year of Montessori training at Nancy Rambusch's Whitty School. "They had never been given anything to handle." At first they were a reserved, hostile bunch, and Director Morrison



SUCCESSFUL STUDENTS WHOOPING IT UP IN MARSEILLE
Charles de Gaulle also wanted the answers.

pretext tension—and a lot of them were celebrating the fact that this year they knew the questions in advance.

Is Perception Proof? The *bachot*, or "*bac*," is drawn up by 30 eminent French professors, who submit it to the Education Ministry. Then the exam goes to the National Printing Office, where no printer sets more than a single line of type. The printed copies are kept in safes until three days before exam time, when envelopes containing the dreaded test are distributed to regional centers. At the same hour throughout the country, the veils are broken to start the trial that every French youth has worked toward for 16 to 18 years.

But in Marseille this time, someone—possibly in the city's famed underworld—had cracked the secrecy. For at least a week before the *bachot*, parents and children happily paid as much as \$300 for the three tough questions on the philosophy section of the test, which turned out to be: "Does per-

ception provide proof of the reality of an object? Is it correct to speak of the lessons of the past? Is liberty of judgment compatible with the necessity of truth?"

Rather than require all students to take the *bac* a second time, Education Minister Christian Fouchet ordered the exam results to be compared with a student's regular work. Those scoring suspiciously well will get an oral grilling. President Charles de Gaulle was so peeved by the inglorious mess that at a Cabinet meeting he asked his Education Minister: "Alors, Fouchet, and about this *bac*?" Replied Fouchet, with grumpy high-score logic: "The whole thing would never have happened if Marseille weren't in France."

TEACHING

Montessori in the Slums

Founding the first modern Montessori school in the U.S. turned red-haired Nancy McCormick Rambusch from a housewife into a stormy prophetess. Her success in setting up the Whitty School in Greenwich, Conn., led to so much demand for her advice that she went on to start the American Montess-

That's a mask in the center.



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DIVIDEND ANNOUNCEMENT

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found that she could barely even talk with them. Now the Cabrini kids fondly call her "the tall lady," and follow her through the grounds of the project as though she were the Pied Piper.

Learning one step at a time, at their own pace, they become more self-reliant and confident. A three-year-old lies on a rubber mat, arranging a washbasin and cups; a five-year-old, blindfolded with a blue eveshade, feels a sphere, a cube, a cylinder, following out some blueprint in his mind. Ordinary progressive schools have similar equipment, since U.S. toy manufacturers have stolen many of Maria Montessori's original designs and ideas. But where progressive schools use the tools as one of many activities in which the teacher plays a major role, Montessori schools put the



CABRINI TEACHERS & STUDENTS

Each has a blueprint for self-civilization.

teacher in the background while the didactic teaching materials do much of the work.

Profound Change? Some educators, such as Columbia Teachers College Professor Miriam Goldberg, think the Montessori boom will collapse, just as it did early in the century when John Dewey's brand of progressive education won out. On the other hand, others are just as sure that the current Montessori revival, coinciding with national concern for preschool education in general and for slum kids in particular, will profoundly change U.S. education.

"The big push at the moment," predicts John Henry Martin, superintendent of schools in Freeport, L.I., "will eventually force the public school system into running nursery schools. And the only thing on the horizon with the theoretical base and the classroom hardware for a modern nursery is the Montessori system." Adds Nancy Rambusch: "We've come full circle. We're back with the slum kids Maria Montessori started with."



Robert Schaffel is a diamond merchant and jewelry designer in Cincinnati.

"Life insurance? How can you beat diamonds?"

"Then a MONY man showed me things even diamonds couldn't do."



Robert Schaffel talks to insurance Stan Koller, C.I.U.

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if I died, money for the kids' education, that kind of thing. And I used my insurance to help get a business loan. "I'm sure grateful to Stan and MONY. They've taken a big load off my mind. That's why I feel with insurance you live longer. Better, too!"

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MODERN LIVING

FRANCO GILBERT—STAFF, CALIFORNIA



RICHMOND-OAKLAND HILLS NEAR NORTHERN CALIFORNIA'S U.S. 40
Along routes through the past, roots for today.

TRAVEL

Sights on the Shunpikes

Modern man may have mapped the unknown, ridden higher than the wind and lower than the seas, had a look through the heavens at earth and caught the moon's underbelly on film. But the average American is most apt to boast not of what he saw or where he went but of how quickly he made the trip. More people more on the move, in more cars and on more roads, have made pleasure driving seem a thing of the past, a foolish endeavor for old ladies on Sundays or strangers to the land who have not yet learned that the shortest distance between two points is a turnpike.

But for strangers, or even Americans who want to see America first, the turnpike has its limitations. Many super-highways are hermetically sealed off from the countryside by artful landscaping, so that a traveler can scarcely tell whether he is in New Hampshire or Alabama. When all the projected super-roads are built, a foreigner driving coast to coast might return home with his chief memory of the U.S. as one endlessly unwinding ribbon of concrete, punctuated by three hurried meals a day at nearly identical roadside restaurants, and a late night stop at a motel. And at superhighway speed, what scenery there is has to be the kind you can see without turning your head.

Slow Beauty. This need not be. For those who would savor the texture of the land and recover their sense of place, there are the shunpike and the minor road, a network of Indian trails and reconstructed canal routes; tortuous drives that skirt oceans below and

wind around mountains, cross plains and valleys, run after rivers through national parks and state museums, ghost towns, rain forests and whaling ports. Some end with a vista at a canyon, a watering hole or a battlefield. Some lead nowhere at all, trail off in a thicket or stop short at the sea. Some, like Virginia's Route 5 (see color), put the past in perspective with a slow panorama, a relic here and there, and beauty all around. Every one is worth the trip.

In the West, would-be gamblers can hustle up U.S. 99 from Los Angeles to Sacramento, cut across to U.S. 40 and get to Reno's gaming tables before the bet goes down. More esthetic types will take U.S. 395. A route for all seasons, all climates and tastes, it passes through a complex of environments—marine desert, coastal mountains, pine forest, rain forest and prairie—as varied as a trip from Tangier to Andalusia to Sinkiang to the Alps to the Iranian plateau to the Australian Outback to Finland. Rimmed with mountains, caves, craters, lakes and lava beds, the road swings past Mt. Whitney, edges past Sequoia National Park and Yosemite, where the huge granitic upthrust of the Sierra bursts from the desert floor.

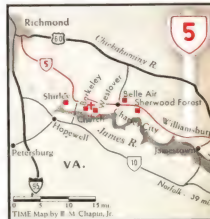
Perilous Loneliness. Even in the bustling San Francisco Bay Area, the pristine, almost deserted Richmond-Oakland hills are only a few minutes away from the roar of U.S. 40. Motorists driving from Los Angeles to San Francisco can turn off U.S. 101 and, at the price of a few extra hours, follow California Route 1 along the coast from San Luis Obispo to Monterey. Most spectacular is the 102-mile stretch from William Randolph Hearst's San Simeon estate

through the Big Sur country to Carmel: with bare, steep cliffs on one side and a dizzying drop to the sea on the other, the narrow ribbon loops and spirals like a drunk. Subject to landslides and often shrouded in fog, it is closed at the first hint of rain, infrequently traveled, perilous and lonely, yet exhilarating as a first trip to Chartres.

U.S. 85 takes travelers most briskly from Denver to Albuquerque, but at Raton, U.S. 64 offers a detour into Taos for a look at the Pueblo cliff homes, which were America's first apartment houses, then jogs on down the Rio Grande Canyon to Santa Fe. Colorado's Million-Dollar Highway, a 23-mile stretch along U.S. 550, skirts Mt. Wilson past plunging canyons, leaping waterfalls, and the reproachful nostalgia of abandoned mining camps.

Minnesota's U.S. 61 clings close to the Mississippi River from Minneapolis to New Orleans, spanning swamps and lowlands to hug the shore. Illinois' U.S. 20 crosses the bridge when it comes to it, rolls on past Ulysses Grant's home and Savanna's white pines. Motorists in northern Wisconsin can bid farewell to U.S. 51 near Woodruff and meander along State Highway 70 through country so studded with lakes that the road seems a bridge, and so rich in woods that they spill right up to the road's edge until the turnoff at Eagle River onto U.S. 45. U.S. 460 in Indiana meanders over hills only a spit away from Kentucky to the Lincoln Boyhood National Memorial, which includes the site of the log cabin where the young Lincoln studied by candlelight, and the grave of his mother, Nancy Hanks. Farther along is the New Harmony settlement, a 19th century Utopian experiment that has been memorialized by a garden shrine designed by Architect Philip Johnson.

Steeple & Post. With more than 420 "shunpike" routes plotted across the state, Massachusetts is the pleasure cruiser's best friend and the country's finest driving range. There are roads to pick flowers by and roads to watch the leaves turn from, roads to maple syrup territory, seafood, flower and jazz





HISTORY ALONG A U.S. BYWAY

Following a course that roughly parallels the northern bank of the James River, Virginia's Route 5 passes some of the Old Dominion's finest plantations, including Sherwood Forest, retreat of President John Tyler. Route 5, now largely bypassed by motorists in favor of the four-lane highway U.S. 60, still rewards the meandering tourist with visits to such historic houses as Shirley, with its impressive hall and floating stairway (right), probably built in the early 1700s for Elizabeth Hill Carter, daughter-in-law of renowned Robert ("King") Carter, and still owned by the Carter family.



CROWNED BY A WHITE PINE-APPLE, SYMBOL OF HOSPITALITY, SHIRLEY DROWSSES ABOVE THE PLACID JAMES.



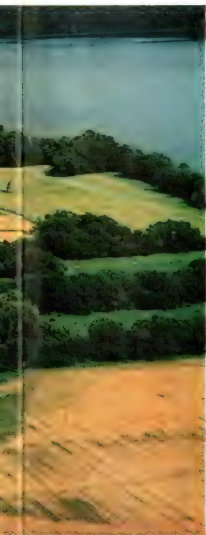
DINING ROOM of Berkeley, built in 1726 (and later home of President William Henry Harrison), was the scene of dinner parties often attended by George Washington.





BELLE AIR, frame house built about 1670, is only home in Virginia with original hand-hewn pine timbering still intact.

Present owner spent several years in 1950s restoring the tumbledown house through which his wife shows visitors (below).



BERKELEY PLANTATION, upriver from Jamestown, has been tilled since 1620. Rich soil along James River grew America's finest tobacco and was base for first landed aristocracy. Union troops camping here in 1862 originated bugle call "taps."



WESTOVER is showplace along Route 5. Built about 1730 by William Byrd II, it is considered most famous Georgian house in America. Staircase has early

rococo plaster ceiling; garden grounds contain obelisk inscribed with builder's epitaph. At present, owner is Plumbing Heiress Mrs. Bruce Crane Fisher.





CHURCH, once nearer West-
over, was rebuilt farther away
in 1731 when Mrs. Byrd found

too many worshippers staying on
for dinner. Social (below) still
often follows Sunday service.





SHERWOOD FOREST was name given Virginia home by President John Tyler because he saw himself, like Robin Hood, as a political outcast. The President purchased 1790 house in 1842; added ball-room wing (*thelone*) and connected old kitchen to house with a matching wing to create a 300-ft.-long façade. House is owned by Tyler's grandson whose wife, in pale blue dress, entertains friends at tea beneath a portrait of President's second wife.



festivals, a road for the Thanksgiving dash straight to Plymouth Rock. There is the original Mohawk Trail from Boston to the Berkshire Hills, brought up to date and dubbed Mass. Route 2. An alternate, Route 2A, links Revolutionary landmarks from Battle Green at Lexington to Concord's Minutemen monument. Route 20 shadows the Massachusetts Turnpike, navigates the Berkshires to the Tanglewood Music Festival at Lenox, Sturbridge Village, a few miles off the highway, is an early 19th century town beautifully re-created from steeple to hitching post, complete with craftsmen who duplicate antique pewter spoons and horse-drawn wagons for kids to ride in.

The northern end of the New York turnpike can be abandoned at any point from Albany to Buffalo for U.S. 20, which wanders through the Finger Lakes

ists who jammed the salon were on hand for the showing of Norman Norrell's fall collection. The last of Manhattan's month-long season, it was also, as nearly always, the best.

Outside the trade, not everyone has heard his name. For Norrell is concerned with style, not the spotlight, and with grace, not gimmicks. Never fussy without purpose, his talent lies in taste and a discriminating eye, in a flair for fabric and a sense of color, in a subtle bit of seamwork, an intricate set of pleats, a bead, a button, some spangles, a feather. Norrell is neither set in his ways, like Mainbocher, nor out to amaze like Rudi Gernreich (of the topless-suit Gernreichs). He is a fashion moderate in step with the day, inventive but practical, inspired but patient. His virtues have paid off in a long line of fashion hits: the evening shirtwaist, the



NORELL SHOWING IN MANHATTAN
Also a sable muff any sable would envy.

region, or at Weedsport, N.Y., for Route 31, which follows the Erie Canal.

Pennsylvania's "Granddaddy" Turnpike affords a turnoff at U.S. 23 to Valley Forge and on through rambling fields and decent towns with indecent names like Bareville and Intercourse in the Pennsylvania Dutch country, whose Amish farmers scorn electricity, never cut their beards, and travel when they must by horse and buggy. For them, perhaps, the beaten path holds adventure. Even the turnpikes might prove a treat.

FASHION

Norman the Conqueror

Wearing bangles, bangles and basic black, the guests seemed a chain of paper dolls, cut out along dotted lines and attached by tabs to the proper gift chair. Chums for an instant, they crossed their silken legs as one, juggled cigarettes and sipped champagne. Rivals in fact, the 145 department store executives, buyers and fashion journal-

empire look, the chemise, the wool evening dress, the sequined sheath and culottes.

Last week's collection combined the standard and the special: a coat, a dress, and long jersey stockings to match; quilted linings for storm coats; a smock over tights; a sable muff any sable would envy. Biggest news were the new culottes, tighter and more hippy, and a spate of long pants, from grey flannel trousers for day to bugle-headed pajamas for play. Prices: \$900 for a suit, \$850 for a coat.

A mild-mannered man, Norrell, 64, collects French antiques, steers clear of the jet set, counts Lady Bird Johnson, Lena Horne and Dinah Shore as steady patrons. Lauren Bacall, Carol Channing and Lee Remick as friends as well. Less dramatic than Balenciaga and less subtle than Givenchy, he is the only U.S. designer Paris couturiers admit to their league. Some go so far as to rank him with Dior. No other U.S. designer, in Paris' view, can make that claim.

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RELIGION

THEOLOGY

Linguistic Analysis: A Way For Some to Affirm Their Faith

In the Middle Ages, philosophy was dubbed the handmaiden of theology. The servant rebelled during the 17th century, and most of the time since then, the two disciplines have gone their separate, sometimes hostile ways. But during this century, philosophy and theology have been groping toward a new and nonsubservient dialogue. The German disciples of Biblical Theologian Rudolf Bultmann found in existentialism a way to rephrase the eternal Christian message. In Britain and the U.S., other theologians are enthusiastically exploring a different direction—applying the philosophic method known as linguistic analysis to the clarification of religious thought.

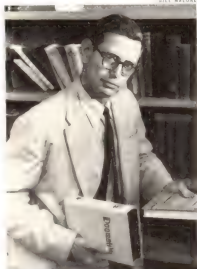
A technique rather than a metaphysical analysis rejects the traditional approach to such philosophic questions as the nature of being or the meaning of life, which they say cannot be studied in such universal terms at all. Instead, analysis limits itself to a modest but possibly more productive intellectual task: discovering the meaning of words and sentences by examining how they are ordinarily used, and by classifying different kinds of statements. Linguistic analysis grew out of a philosophic movement which had no use for theology: logical positivism. Such philosophers as A. J. Ayer of Oxford and Vienna's Rudolf Carnap, now a professor emeritus at U.C.L.A., argued that the only meaningful propositions were the analytic statements of logic and mathematics, or statements that could be verified by empirical procedures—which meant that the ethereal language of theology was literally meaningless.

Language Games. Many philosophers—including Ayer himself—have now backed away from that dogmatic view, thanks in large part to the influence of an eccentric Austrian-born Cambridge don named Ludwig Wittgenstein, who died in 1951. Wittgenstein, perhaps the century's most important philosopher, believed that there was a wide variety of discourse—ranging from jokes to the "God-talk" of theologians—that could not be empirically verified, but nevertheless was useful and in some ways meaningful to man. Instead of dismissing this nonempirical discourse as nonsense, Philosophy should treat it as a "language game" and—without passing on its value—clarify the rules and make it more intelligible.

Many philosophers still regard theology as illogical nonsense; but within the past decade, a number of British theologians have increasingly found linguistic analysis to be a helpful tool in interpreting the religion "games." It has dissolved some of the old conflicts between science and theology, by making

it clear, for example, that pastors speaking of God the Creator and cosmologists talking of the "continuous creation" of the universe refer to different and nonparallel propositions. It has made analytically minded theologians suspicious of the cloudy speculation that sometimes waits out of German seminaries. More important, analysis has provided the theologians with a method of thinking that will help them make a fresh approach to such vital religious terms as soul, creation and mystery.

The Convert. In many U.S. seminaries, linguistic analysis is still treated as a foe of faith, although there is a grow-



PAUL VAN BUREN
Blik.

ing band of theologians who strongly disagree. One young religious thinker converted to this new method is Paul van Buren of Texas' Episcopal Theological Seminary of the Southwest, whose recent *The Secular Meaning of the Gospel* (Macmillan; \$4.95) is a radical and controversial effort to translate a major theological issue into language that would pass the scrutiny of the philosophical analysts.

Van Buren's study focuses on the declaration of the Council of Chalcedon (A.D. 451) that Jesus was both man and the divine Son of God. Since secular-minded modern man does not understand or accept the notion of "divine," he argues, the church must find a logical but nonsupernatural equivalent of what the Chalcedonian Fathers were trying to express. Van Buren suggests that one persuasive way of referring to Jesus today is as a "remarkably free man." This description capitalizes on an adjective that is a touchstone of contemporary aspirations, but it concurs with the Gospel testimony. The Evangelists constantly refer to the personal authority of Jesus' teaching, his free-

dom from claims made upon him by parents and brethren, his departure from rabbinical teaching and disregard of the Jewish law.

After the Resurrection, the Apostles proclaimed Jesus the man as the Risen Lord and the Son of God. These words says van Buren, were an attempt to describe their new understanding of Jesus in language appropriate to an age that saw God in every tree. In a technical term used by some linguistic analysts, the Apostles' expression of this faith was a *blik*—a statement that is not subject to empirical proof but has its own validity as an individual's interpretation of existence.

"Contagious" Freedom. How should the Christian church translate the Eastern *blik* into contemporary language? Van Buren suggests that after the Resurrection the Disciples suddenly possessed some of the unique and "contagious" freedom that Jesus had. "In telling the story of Jesus of Nazareth," therefore, they told it as the story of the free man who had set them free. "This was the story which they proclaimed as the Gospel for all men." Down through history, millions of others have been called by faith in Christ—which means, in van Buren's translation: "He who says, 'Jesus is Lord,' says that Jesus' freedom has been contagious and has become the criterion for his life, public and private."

Van Buren concludes that Christianity will have to strip itself of its supernatural elements to become believable again, just as alchemy had to abandon its mystical overtones to become the useful science of chemistry. Many Christians firmly disagree, and van Buren has been roundly charged with clarifying Christian doctrine to the point where there is hardly anything left of it. But even some theologians who disagree with van Buren's conclusions admit that Christian thinkers can no longer dismiss the linguistic approach as invalid or irrelevant. Professor Ian Ramsey of Oxford, a pioneer in relating linguistic philosophy to theology, goes so far as to argue that some analytical religious thinkers "are on the threshold of a theological revolution which might prove to be more significant than the relationship of Aristotelianism to scholasticism."

LUTHERANS

Taming the Tongues

In Minneapolis last week, the 47-member American Lutheran Church Council voted to throw the Rev. A. Herbert Mjorud off the church's evangelical staff. His offense was one that appeals, embarrasses and deeply worries church leaders: promoting glossolalia, the practice of praying in "gibberish."

Without question, glossolalia is the fastest-growing fad in U.S. Protestant churches. Once a peculiarity of Pentecostals, "speaking in tongues" has caught on with Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians, and there is no

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a national association of glossolalists, the Blessed Trinity Society in Van Nuys, Calif. At least 260 of the 5,239 American Lutheran churches have glossolalia cells; many of them took up the practice after Pastor Mjorud stopped by to preach at revival meetings.

Open Doors. Born in Minnesota to Lutheran parents, Mjorud, 54, grew up in Alaska, and was converted from agnosticism back to his childhood faith in 1942. He gave up the practice of law to enter the ministry, and two years ago attended his first glossolalia service at an Episcopal church in Seattle. After several months of prayer, Mjorud began speaking in tongues himself, started trying it out on interested Lutherans during his mission trips. Mjorud, who is also a devotee of faith healing, was warned several times by the Evangelism Commission, and only the intervention of A.I.C. President Fredrik Schiotz saved him from dismissal last year. Although fired as a traveling evangelist, Mjorud is still free to accept a call by any congregation that wants him, and he intends to keep on speaking as the Spirit directs. "It's my calling," he says, "and there are many open doors."

Glossolalists argue that they are receiving a spiritual exercise of the early Christian church, and they often quote St. Paul in *1 Corinthians*, who lists speaking in tongues as a gift of the Holy Spirit, along with prophecy and healing. They hoot at skeptics. "It's pretty hard for a man with an idea to go up against one with an experience," says one self-satisfied glossolalist. Sample tonguing: "Ulla, ulla, unga, unga garah, atia ulla ungaraze."

Spiritual Need. An A.I.C. committee investigating glossolalia last year warned that it has led to "divisions and tensions" in many congregations; tongues advocates often tend to slight regular worship services, force the practice on doubters, and develop into an ecstatic spiritual elite. But Lutheran leaders have little hope that the tongues will now be silent. Admits Dr. Schiotz: "Perhaps it is a reaction against the tendency to over-intellectualize the Christian faith. Speaking seems to fill a spiritual need for simplicity and emotional attachment."

ROMAN CATHOLICS

The Married Priest

With his son serving as acolyte, a Detroit man named Ernest Adam Beck was ordained a fortnight ago in Germany as a priest of the Roman Catholic Church. A former Lutheran minister, Father Beck, 42, is married and has two children. He is the first American among a handful of Latin Rite Catholic priests who have received dispensations from the Pope to take holy orders without a vow of celibacy.

Canon law has insisted on priestly celibacy since the Middle Ages, although Eastern-Rite Catholic priests may marry before their ordination. But within the past 13 years, Popes have

from time to time approved the ordination of a few convert Protestant ministers for whom leaving their families would be a heartless cruelty.

Such dispensations are not easy to get — as Father Beck's experience shows. Born and raised a Lutheran, he studied at Concordia Seminary in St. Louis, served a parish in Teaneck, N.J., for seven years. In 1954, Beck and his wife became Catholics. Convinced that he had a vocation to the priesthood, Beck went to Germany and in 1956 received permission to enter the seminary at Mainz. But before he could be ordained, Pope Pius XII told Beck in a 1957 interview, he would have to find a bishop who would promise to support him. Bishop Mark Carroll of Wichita, Kans., stepped in with an offer shortly before Pius died, but Pope John subsequently decided that there would be too much



BECK & FAMILY
First find a bishop.

danger of scandal if Beck served in the U.S., suggested that he find a bishop somewhere else.

Beck gave up his studies for three years, worked in advertising, teaching and sales to support his family while trying to find another prelate who would accept him. At one point, Boston's Richard Cardinal Cushing put in a bid—but, like Carroll, was turned down by the Vatican. Last year Bishop Hermann Volk of Mainz agreed to provide Beck, who speaks German, with an assignment, and Rome finally agreed.

Several other Protestant converts are currently studying for ordination in German seminaries, but no one foresees that there will be any drastic revision of the church's general prohibition against priests with wives. Most American bishops oppose the idea of married priests, and the Vatican has made it clear that none are likely to serve in the U.S. soon. But last week Cardinal Cushing indicated that "we should accept at least tolight men," predicted that a change in the church's attitude "will come in the future."



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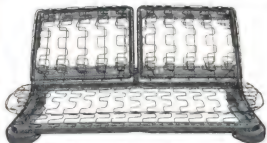
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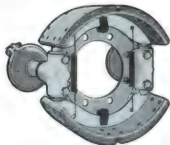
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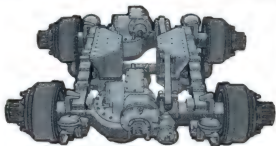
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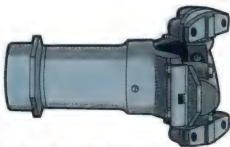
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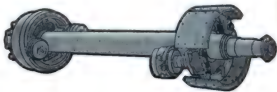
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ART

EXHIBITIONS

Rosetta Stone at Kassel

Over the revelry at the Venice Biennale fortnight ago hung the disconcerting possibility that even as this famed old exhibition displayed its own mediocrity and disorganization, a lesser-known art festival 400-odd miles to the north was preparing to put on a top-grade show. The newer exhibition is at Kassel, where the Brothers Grimm lived, located at the geographic heart of Germany, and it is called *Dokumenta III*. Two previous *Dokumentas*, in 1955 and 1959, had shown what Teutonic seriousness could do to fuse, focus and inter-

Giacometti, from Cézanne to Soutine, from an early Picasso to the latest Henry Moore, on such a scale that no museum or private collection in the world can match it. An enormous black two-story hall houses a kind of cabinet of Dr. Caligari, the *Absurd Berlin Diary* of Emilio Vedova, with collapsible hinged parts jutting out in a variety of Gothic shapes. *Three Paintings in Space* by Ernst Wilhelm Nay are obliquely suspended from the ceiling of an otherwise entirely empty hall.

What begins as a subliminal feeling at Kassel gradually forces its way to consciousness: the sense of a unifying modern vision and temper that link

a mass sale might depress the market proved unwarranted. For it was painting from Kandinsky's early abstractionist period that brought the top money—\$140,000 for one *Improvisation*, a record auction price for abstractions by anybody. Total take: \$1,502,200.

On a believe-it-or-not basis, museum officials, including President Harry Guggenheim, insisted that since the museum lacks the display space to show the paintings, they wanted to disperse the work. "We are done now," said the contented Guggenheim. "Before, it was a bit like misers going down into the cellar and counting the gold. Now the rest of the world has all the Kandinskys we are ever going to part with."

REPRODUCTIONS

La Belle Époque

If it was not the best of times, Parisians did not know it. Girls in lace frills climbed excitedly into the first automatic automobiles. Bearded, droopy-eyed Edward VII took his cigar and his carnation to the Moulin Rouge and the Folies Bergère. Donning top hats, venturesome souls climbed nonchalantly into a balloon and blithely sipped champagne, up and up, to shiver in their still collars at the dizzy height of 10,000 ft.

This was the gaslight age, *la belle époque*, an era doomed to end with the first shot fired at Sarajevo. The flamboyant demotic art of the poster captured this society in the first blush of its romance with technology and the full flush of its well-fed, self-confident romance with itself. Brimful of retrospection, a Paris exhibit covering the 1870-1914 flowering of poster art is making Frenchmen misty-eyed with nostalgia over the good, inexpensive, uncomplicated, sensuous old days.

In a way, poster artists were early admen. Toulouse-Lautrec glorified the bicycle as well as the *paules* of Montmartre. Lesser artists painted ads for big new department stores with "fixe" prices indicated in plain figures" or automatic baby bottles, "the only one with a pump imitating the breast."

But poster art would not have made art history if it had not been for a rebellious group of impressionist painters who wanted to get more light and air into their work and to reach a larger public. With painters such as Manet, Bonnard, Villon, Toulouse-Lautrec, Steinlen and Forain doing the ad-cum-art work, the posters rapidly became collectors' items and more valuable than the products advertised.

At the height of the collecting boom, dealers advised clients to sell their Rembrandts and buy posters. Paris was plastered with posters that the National Assembly felt forced to pass the law "Décret d'adhésion loi du 29 juillet 1881." But after World War I posters fell off sadly in artistic repute and popularity. Nowadays the posters on the walls of Paris are scarcely more remarkable than the signs prohibiting them.



NAY'S "THREE PAINTINGS IN SPACE"

From ceiling subliminal to neo-Caligari.



VEDOVA'S "ABSURD BERLIN DIARY"

pret significant modern art trends. The new show, which will go on for 100 days, may be the most important European art exhibition of the decade.

Housed in the Graustarkian palace ruins of the pomp-crazed nobles of Hesse, *Dokumenta III* features 1,500 intelligently selected paintings, sculptures and drawings from 250 artists who are either the acknowledged masters or the exploratory frontiersmen of modern art. The shaping hand behind it and the earlier *Dokumentas* belongs to Professor Arnold Bode, 60, an erudite man with Napoleonic looks and energy who rules Kassel with scrupulous esthetic integrity. A jury of 15 members (four non-Germans, including Peter Selz from Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art) aided Bode in choosing the entries, but shunned awarding prizes. Qualitative excellence is the aim at Kassel, and the one fixed premise is unconditional internationalism. Says Bode: "Valid art must be supranational."

Dokumenta III ranges supranationally from Arp to Wols, from Braque to

seemingly disparate and dissonant works of art. The bewildering array of influences and counterinfluences in contemporary art, from the School of Paris to the New York School, from abstract expressionism to symbolic African primitivism, from the revival of *art nouveau* to the revival of Dadaism, all seem to call for a Rosetta stone, a hieroglyphic key to release meaning from mystery. *Dokumenta III* comes close to being that Rosetta stone.

THE MARKET

Record Price for Abstracts

That moment in 1910 when Vasily Kandinsky laid down his brush upon finishing a certain watercolor represents what is often regarded as the birth of abstract painting. Last week Manhattan's Guggenheim Museum put the pioneer abstractionist's modern-day reputation to a bold test: at the London art auction house of Sotheby & Co., the museum offered for sale no less than 50 of its 170 Kandinskys. Fears that such



THE PEACOCK EPOCH OF FRENCH POSTERS



BALLYHOO for music-hall girl of 1904 presages *Les Femmes*' clangorous, crazy-quilt color.

MAUVE as color and mood marks Alphonse Mucha's *art nouveau* work for Sarah Bernhardt.

SPEED fascinated *fin-de-siècle* French in the dawning age of the airplane and the auto. This

1904 ad shows racer that won Gordon Bennett Cup with the assistance of a muscular muse.

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Apple Valley Holiday by Cessna

Would your family like to fly away for a holiday of golf? Swimming? Lying in the sun? Horseback riding? All of these?

Last Easter the Robert Dittmars of Westwood, California, did just that. They flew their Cessna 205, with a group of other aircraft owners from Van Nuys Skyways, the Cessna dealer, on a weekend Flyaway to Apple Valley.

Cost a fortune? No... \$77.44 for a family of four. \$19.36 each for Bob and Florence and their children, David and Leslie.

Saturday morning at 7:30 they took off (Florence flying) from Van Nuys. They crossed the San Bernardino Mountains (a turn around Mt. Baldy to admire a late spring snowfall) and in 33 minutes landed at Apple Valley Airport.

After check-in at Apple Valley Inn, they swam, played tennis, sunbathed, and danced at a poolside party.

That night the Skyways group roasted hotdogs over a crackling, scrub oak campfire and sang "Tumblin' Tumbleweed" with cowboy star Wayne West on guitar.

Easter Sunday, the Dittmars rode horseback to the outdoor Sunrise Service.

After a brisk ride, the group met for the Inn's Hunt Breakfast. The food was so good David ate ham and bacon and steak and eggs, topped off with homemade rolls.

Next, the Inn's annual Egg Hunt, and then the children settled by the pool for the day. Meanwhile, Bob and Florence shot 18 holes at the Inn's championship golf course.

Late Sunday the Dittmars waved goodbye to friends and flew across the sunset-red

peaks to Van Nuys. It was just over an hour from take-off at Apple Valley to kids tucked in bed in Westwood. (Did you ever drive into L.A. on a Sunday evening?)

Now... take a look at Bob's expenses (shown in the box above). What do you do on your holidays?

For further information, see your Cessna dealer. Or, write for "Flying Is a Family Affair" or "What Every Woman Should Know About Flying," Cessna Aircraft Co., Dept. T4-10, Wichita, Kansas.



MILESTONES

Born. To Malcolm X, 39, former No. 2 man for the Black Muslims, who split with the "too peaceful" Muslims to start his own Organization of Afro-American Unity, and Sister Betty X, their fourth child, fourth daughter, in New York. Name: Lumumbah.

Married. Princess Margaretha, 29, granddaughter of Sweden's King Gustaf VI Adolf; and John Kenneth Ambler, 40, well-to-do British commoner; in a Lutheran ceremony witnessed by 7,000,000 Swedes on TV; on Öland Island, Sweden (see *THE WORLD*).

Married. Dorian Leigh, 44, queen of U.S. fashion models until she passed the scepter to her younger sister, Suzy Parker; and Idolo Ben-Gurion, sometime playwright, no kin to Israel's former Premier; she for the fifth time, he for the first; in Paris.

Married. Veronica ("Rocky") Balfe Cooper, 51, blonde and still beautiful socialite widow of Hollywood's Gary Cooper; and Dr. John Marquis Converse, 51, Manhattan plastic surgeon, whom she met when she moved back East after Coop's death in 1961; both for the second time; in a civil ceremony in Westport, Conn.

Married. Mahalia Jackson, 52, high priestess of Negro gospel songs; and Minters Sigmond Galloway, 47, salesman for a Gary, Ind., building contractor; both for the second time; in Chicago.

Died. Edward Glenn ("Fireball") Roberts, 33, champion U.S. stock car racer, a fierce and flashing veteran of the high-banked ovals who, in 15 years of driving everything from midgets to 410-h.p. Fords, won close to \$400,000 and all the big races except the World 600 in Charlotte, N.C., which he tried for again on May 24 only to wind up in the middle of a flaming three-car crash that left him with third-degree burns over 45% of his body; of complications resulting from his burns; at Charlotte Memorial Hospital.

Died. Pierre Monteux, 89, French-born conductor whose portly figure graced virtually all the major podiums—the Boston symphony (1919-24), Amsterdam (1924-34), San Francisco (1935-52), London (from 1961 on), guest conductor of close to 100 more—a maestro with a calm, precise technique that generally brought out the best both in the musicians and music; of a brain hemorrhage following a fall; at his home near Hancock, Me.

Died. Roscoe Pound, 93, Harvard's renowned student and teacher of law, after a long illness, in Cambridge, Mass. (see *THE LAW*).



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THE PRESS

MAGAZINES

Spokesman for Conservatism

"This magazine," said William F. Buckley Jr. in his prospectus for the first issue of the *National Review*, "will forthrightly oppose the prevailing trend of public opinion; its purpose, indeed, is to change the nation's intellectual and political climate." Only five years out of Yale, Buckley had already made a national name for himself with his first book, *God and Man at Yale*, which accused his Alma Mater of preaching liberalism and secularism to the exclusion of almost everything else. And in that fall of 1955, the articulate young conservative found the political weather parlous. "Clever intriguers are reshaping both parties in the image of Bahbit gone Social-Democrat," he wrote. The press, he said, was a mess of "New Deal journalism"; conformity, fabricated by "Social Engineers," loomed as "the largest cultural menace in America."

From the start, *National Review's* polemic spirit, bolstered by its editor's intellectual bravura, was a rallying point for those who subscribed to the Buckley brand of "radical conservatism." In its pages, such conservative spokesmen as Russell (*Conservative Mind*) Kirk, Cornell University's Clinton Rossiter (*Conservatism in America*) and James Jackson Kilpatrick Jr., editor of the *Richmond News Leader*, spelled out the philosophy of their politics. Sometimes even outsiders were permitted aboard, among them Liberal Columnist Murray Kempton and Steve Allen, whose occupation as a TV comedian allows time for the espousal of liberal causes.

If there were occasional exercises in doctrinaire pedantry, there was always a balance of nicely aimed journalistic needling. Neither liberals nor middle-of-the-roads were spared the *Review's* witty and often savage prose. There was also a leaven of practical politics. And it was hardly surprising that, when the intellectuals of conservatism spotted a proper champion, they announced his candidacy before he got around to doing it himself. In April 1963, *National Review* began its Barry Goldwater for President campaign.

Goldwater & Eisenhower. "I have never importuned Mr. Goldwater to run," Buckley wrote then, "but I am for him, and I do believe that if he would declare himself, and go to the people, in no time at all he'd dispose them to say, 'Yes, Mr. President.'" By August 1963, *National Review* had filled out its Republican ticket: Goldwater and Eisenhower. "Before dismissing the idea as inherently preposterous," said Buckley, who thought it up, "one should consider that the strength Mr. Eisenhower could give to the ticket would almost surely be conclusive." Somewhat later, Buckley added: "It is quite irrelevant that I don't like Ike."

Now that the Goldwater bandwagon has picked up a full head of steam, *National Review* is already looking beyond the election. This week it publishes a 16,000-word *A Program for a Goldwater Administration*. Sample advice: Goldwater should man the battlements of states' rights ("within the federal harem, the states today are merely eunuchs"), invade Cuba if necessary, insist that Russia dismantle its "world revolutionary apparatus" and retire to its borders of 1939.

"Venture in Triviality." "We burnish the truths of Society as we see them," says Buckley. *National Review* has held that racial segregation is "not intrinsically immoral," and it opposed the civil rights bill on the grounds that it ceded



NATIONAL REVIEW'S BUCKLEY
A balanced diet of needles.

to the White House "the powers of a despot." When Pope John XXIII, in his *Mater et Magistra* encyclical, seemed to be saying that a little socialism was not necessarily bad, Buckley, a Roman Catholic, attacked the encyclical as "a venture in triviality." He also objected to last summer's Freedom March on Washington: "Mob-deployment in circumstances that call for thought and discussion is a dangerous resort."

The magazine is still not self-supporting (annual loss between \$100,000 and \$150,000 a year). But circulation, which reached 30,000 by 1960, has more than doubled since. Today Bill Buckley is convinced that *National Review* is living up to its promise to "change the political face of America." In the light of Goldwater's growing successes, that conviction seems to carry more weight than it did in 1955.

NEWSPAPERS

What to Read in the Cow Palace

As the site of a national political convention, San Francisco offers many advantages—which may be why the Republican Party has chosen it twice in eight years. Its precipitous hills produce women long and firm of limb. It abounds with good hotels, fine restaurants and postcard vistas. It also fields three dailies favorably disposed to the Republican cause: Hearst's morning *Examiner*, the morning *Chronicle*, and Hearst's evening *News Call Bulletin*. To this triad must be added a fourth: the *Oakland Tribune*, published just across the bay by former Republican U.S. Senator William Knowland. But if delegates to next week's convention depend on the four dailies for comprehensive accounts of their activities, they may be disappointed.

Heartly Cheers. Most popular and most successful is the *Chronicle*. Once a subsidized copy of the *New York Times*, the paper took a new tack toward entertainment in 1955 under the direction of Executive Editor Scott Newhall and Publisher Charles de Young Thieriot, a descendant of the paper's founders. The two men filled their pages with columnists, both syndicated and local, until the census peaked at 53. Columnists now cover everything from veterinary medicine (Dr. Frank E. Miller) to sex (Count Marco, a local beautician), frequently at the expense of news.

The *Chronicle* has pledged blanket convention coverage: Count Marco, for example, taking note of the convention site, the Cow Palace, announced plans to examine the herd of delegates and delegates' wives in search of cows. Editorially, the paper greeted Bill Scranton's entry with hearty cheers.

Decent & Dull. Second-ranking daily is the *Examiner*, which was William Randolph Hearst's pedestal paper, and which still styles itself, somewhat anachronistically, as "Monarch of the Dailies." Having surrendered its circulation lead to the *Chronicle* in 1961, the *Examiner* now lags far behind, 293,000 to 330,000, and has lost spirit. Successive waves of new editorial management, all rolling in from Hearst headquarters in New York, seem to have improved nothing but the *Examiner's* morals: the paper no longer prints cheesecake, and its trucks now proclaim: "Decency—A Family Newspaper." The *Examiner's* editorial policy is set in New York, where Editor in Chief William Randolph Hearst Jr. has displayed a preference neither for Goldwater nor for Scranton but for Henry Cabot Lodge: "Don't be surprised if many delegates turn to the handsome and experienced politician-diplomat."

Hearst's other San Francisco paper, the evening *News Call Bulletin*, is a blend of unprofitable competitors. Despite its monopoly of the afternoon field, the *News Call Bulletin* has slipped in circu-



SEX COLUMNIST MARCO

A passion for civic issues, a pledge of blanket coverage.



OAKLAND BOOSTER KNOWLAND

lation until it is not appreciably larger than the Pacific Coast Edition of the Wall Street Journal. Nevertheless, Editor Thomas Eastman plans to deploy a convention force of 25—some 18 more than the Examiner—by drafting his TV critic, a reporter whose normal assignment is the Parks and Recreation Department, and anyone else at hand.

Little Interest. It is William Knowland's Oakland Tribune that may quite possibly be the most thoroughly read local paper in the Cow Palace. The Tribune gave its heart to Barry Goldwater months before the California Republican primary, and has since published scores of editorials calculated to make pleasant reading for the 700-odd delegates who plan to arrive more or less in Goldwater's pocket. Sample Tribune comment: "Because Senator Goldwater is the one candidate who can capture large chunks of Democratic votes without conceding to the Democrats more than a handful of GOP votes, he is the obvious choice for the minority party." Goldwater has remained the Tribune's choice through thick and thin. It classified Pennsylvania Governor William Scranton's last-minute arrival onstage as "a late and vain challenge" and "an exercise in futility."

Outside of that, the Tribune should offer little of interest to political tourists; it is preoccupied with local bond issues, civic development and a current crusade to get Oakland a professional football team.

Covering St. Augustine

It is almost an axiom of the integration struggle in the South: wherever a city's newspapers have pitched in to help, wherever editors and publishers have worked to stretch the limits of local tolerance, there has been a minimum of violence. In St. Augustine, Fla., the Record is a modest little daily (circ. 7,000) with more modest ambitions. It has tried to ignore the South's biggest

story, on the hopeful assumption that if nobody pays any attention, the race problem just might go away.

After a fashion, this policy worked for years. St. Augustine had no race trouble to speak of, and when it did, the Record barely spoke of it: last October, when the first lunch counters were integrated in St. Johns County, of which St. Augustine is the seat, the Record gave the incident 1½ in. on an inside page. But last April the South's biggest story also became the biggest story in St. Augustine. That was the month that the civil rights movement enveloped the city.

Leaning Backward. Demonstrations, riots and violence have been the order of the day ever since. But "for a long time we didn't even mention the situation," says Record Editor Harvey Lopez. This posture proved unworkable, especially after one of the arrested picketers turned out to be Mrs. Malcolm Peabody, mother of the Governor of Massachusetts (TIME, April 10). The news flashed out of St. Augustine on all the national wires, and reluctantly the Record played the story on Page One—but beneath a studiously uninformative headline: **MORE ARRESTS MADE AS DEMONSTRATIONS CONTINUE HERE.**

That headline symbolizes the Record's dilemma. As a newspaper, it has begun at last to give St. Augustine's civil rights movement the news prominence it deserves. Record accounts of local violence now appear where they belong: on the front page. But as a newspaper with segregationist sympathies, the Record bends over backward to accommodate what it considers the right side.

Negroes are generally referred to as "Negro demonstrators"; the St. Augustine whites who swing clubs against them are called "white citizens." Mayor Joseph Shelley's press conferences are covered in full; the press conferences of

Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., leader of the demonstrators, are not reported at all. After whites and Negroes fought bloodily with clubs and fists in a local motel pool, the Record dusted off the same headline that it had used on the arrest of Mrs. Peabody: **MORE ARRESTS MADE AS DEMONSTRATIONS CONTINUE.**

Keeping Silence. "Rumors are persistent," the paper reported recently, "that local Negro citizens and leaders do not approve of racial demonstrations here." After a Florida Beverage Department official had the temerity to heat up a white man who was beating up a Negro, and then got away before infuriated rednecks identified him, the Record obligingly printed his badge number. State police, tearing reprisals, hustled the man out of town.

To preserve neutrality, the paper has embargoed such coverage as action photographs ("showing pictures of violence just adds fuel to the fire") and does not run copy that is considered inflammatory. Says A. H. ("Hoop") Tebault Jr., 29, who took over the paper after his father's death last year: "We are in favor of local problems being solved locally."

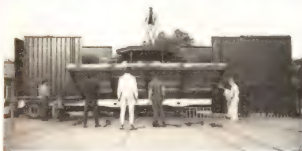
Editorially, the Record has hammered on this theme: that trouble would subside if only the agitators would get out of town. "We have no intention of taking an active hand in the situation," Tebault says. "First, because there is no single solution. Second, because for a paper to become committed, it would have to take a stand that could be interpreted as favoring one side over another." Adds Editor Lopez: "The only way this thing can be settled is for Dr. King to withdraw and let us work it out among ourselves."



PUBLISHER TEBAULT

For the Record, a daily dilemma.

SHOW BUSINESS



UNPACKING ON THE ROAD

Midsummer dreams with pageantry and plastic cowslips.

PERFORMANCE IN MANHATTAN



THE STAGE Stratford-on-Firestones

In the Middle Ages, plays in England were sometimes performed from Pagan Waggon, which traveled around the ancient cities stopping at key spots—such as “ye Abbaye gates” and “ye high crosse before ye Mayor”—where the actors would strut and fret their hour upon the unsteady stages.

New York now has its pagan waggon too—set to perform everywhere from ye Bronx to ye Staten Island, and even before ye Bobby Wagner, the mayor. Belonging to Joseph Papp's New York Shakespeare Festival, they are a caravan of six trucks, led by a big, behemoth trailer truck that disassembles like a Chinese puzzle. In four hours, they collectively become a fully lighted, handsomely equipped Elizabethan theater. In addition to the free, summerlong Shakespeare that the festival group offers in its stationary theater in Central Park, the new road company is taking *A Midsummer Night's Dream* to 34 parks and playgrounds in all five of the city's boroughs.

Lost. The show opened last week, playing six Manhattan locations in six nights, first in Mount Morris Park in Harlem, a neighborhood where the wail of police sirens is a part of the constant atmosphere. There all the big trucks staged an incongruous arrival, grunting and respirating into position on a baseball field while crowds gathered. Soon a rehearsing actor was standing in a tunic and sandals before a gaping group of Harlem youths. He tried to explain to them that in the play he is a character called Demetrius, who gets lost in the woods.

“You look like you're lost already,” said a kid.

Meanwhile, a crew of 16 unpacked. Off came the top and sides of the principal truck. Its bed, with six decorative pillars and two staircases permanently mounted upon it, became the main stage. At the push of a button, an apron stage hydraulically unfolded itself into position. Still a third stage level was

pulled out and positioned in front of the apron.

Found. Light towers rose like periscopes out of the next truck, to be fed by generators in another truck. At either flank of the main stage, trucks pulled up and opened for business as dressing rooms. Still another truck spewed out neatly packed flats, stairs, props, scenery and more lights. The last truck contained enough collapsible bleachers and folding chairs for something over 1,500 people.

Nicely acted and broadly directed, with colorful costumes and plastic cowslips that stood upright on their stems when tossed to the stage, the performance was full of life, and it found an audience. Almost no one walked away. One young boy who did leave had nothing against Shakespeare. “Man, it's getting dark,” he said, “and you can get killed in this park.”

Two Broadway set designers and one Broadway lighting designer were recently given a \$75,800 Ford Foundation grant to develop a mobile theater similar to Papp's on an even more compact scale—that is, on one truck only. The foundation is trying to help the State Department find a way to present American theater from town to town anywhere in the world. Arena stage, dressing rooms, props, generators, lights—everything but the emotion—would roll in one unit.

ACTORS

Breathless Man

The Tricolor, a snifter of cognac, a flaring helm, a tilted skylight—these have been demoted to secondary symbols of France. The primary symbol is an image of a young man slouching in a café chair, his socks sagging over broken shoelaces, his shirt open to the waist, his arms dangling to the floor, where his knuckles drag. A Gauloise rests in his gibbon lips, and its smoke meanders from his attractively broken, Z-shaped nose. Out of the Left Bank by the New Wave, he is Jean-Paul Belmondo—the natural son of the Existen-

tialist conception, standing for everything and nothing at 738 m.p.h.

All this may suggest why the film that first established him was called *Breathless*. Since then he has played all kinds of roles—an inspiring priest in *Léon Morin, Prêtre*, an introverted teacher in *Two Women*—but he has become the No. 1 box office draw in France because the indelible *Breathless* image lingers on. He feels that he does not resemble that public image of himself—or so he says over cognac and smoke, slouching in a café chair, his socks sagging over broken shoelaces, his shirt open to the waist, arms dangling to the floor, where his knuckles drag.

Never Doubled. All France calls him *Bébel* (pronounced *Bay-hell*), and the French press has recorded that his nose was broken in the prize ring. “I let this story go through because it has added to my legend,” he confesses. His nose was actually disassembled in a fight in high school. But if such embellishments exist here and there, the private Belmondo still rides point to the legend. He does box, but only as an amateur. He is indeed a fearless, reckless fellow.

He loved making his new picture, *That Man from Rio*, a protracted comic-strip in motion that rams into two hours every cliché of the classic cinema chase pictures. On location in Brazil, he never used a double. He walked along a ten-story ledge and hung from a wire 70 ft. high. Once he was warned that a stream was too dangerous to swim in, being chock full of poisonous serpents, carnivorous disease-carrying insects and razor-teethed fish. Belmondo tossed a chunk of corned beef into the water. When nothing happened to it, he dove in, saying: “What the hell, if they're not going to chew on that they're certainly not going to eat me.”

His charm with scaly creatures did not confine itself to working hours. In a steamy Amazon town, Jean-Paul went out into the jungle one night and came back to the hotel with a dozen baby crocodiles, crept into rooms late at night and put a baby croc into everyone's bed. Soon he had two baby leopards, four macaws, several adolescent



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crocodiles, a parrot and three snakes in his own room. Remembers the film's producer: "The crocodiles ate the birds. The leopards ate the crocodiles. The snakes died of starvation. The room stank like the bottom of some Amazonian cesspool."

Much Experience. Bébel was born in Neuilly-sur-Seine, a fairly expensive Paris suburb, but he grew up on the Left Bank, and his colloquial language could have been swept up off the cobblestones of St.-Germain-des-Prés and Montparnasse. His father was a sculptor who taught at the Académie des Beaux-Arts.

Though Belmondo is so natural on the screen that he appears to be the sort of actor who was discovered rather



JEAN-PAUL BELMONDO
Riding point to a legend at 738 m.p.h.

than trained, he had ten years of experience behind him by the time he made *Breathless*. Most of it he acquired at the Conservatoire, the French equivalent of Britain's Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. Bébel got experience of all kinds there. "In spite of my mug, it would be stupid to deny that I've always had a certain success with girls," he says.

Eventually he married a dancer named Renée, whose attractions were rated only by her name, which he couldn't stand. So he renamed her Elodie. Belmondo is devoted to her and to his three children. "I love my Elodie," he rhapsodizes, "because after I come home from a hard day between the sheets with Jeanne Moreau, Sophia Loren or Claudia Cardinale, she's bound to ask an insidious question like 'Well now, how was it in bed with Claudia today, dear?' Jealousy—that's what saves the household from conjugal routine. Is there anything in the world more icy, more disagreeable than a woman who never suspects that you're betraying her?"



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SPORT

TENNIS

Pingpong, Anyone?

Any ballboy could tell that American tennis fortunes were certainly looking up. Why, any one of three Yanks had a good shot at Wimbledon last week. First there was the defending champion: chunky Chuck McKinley, 23, the acrobatic Texan who breezed to victory in 1963 without even losing a set. Then came Frank Froehling, 22, a finalist in last summer's U.S. championships at Forest Hills. And finally there was Dennis Ralston, 21, who teamed with McKinley just last December to beat Australia for the Davis Cup.

In 88 years storied old Wimbledon has seen a lot of bad performances, but few as shocking as last week's U.S. collapse. In the first round, Ralston lost to Tony Pickard, a 29-year-old Englishman who had virtually retired from competitive tennis; Ralston romped through the first two sets, then collapsed to lose in five. Froehling also fell in the first round—to Nicky Kalogeropoulos, a 19-year-old, Costa Rican-born Greek who had just graduated from the juniors. Froehling's problem was double faults. By the semifinals, McKinley was the only American left in the tournament. He took care of that, dropping a four-set match to Australia's Fred Stolle—the same man he whipped for the title last year. Stolle's forehead used to be his weakness. No longer.

That made it an All-Aussie final, the sixth in nine years. Stolle's opponent: Roy Emerson, 28, the world's No. 1-ranked amateur, but always before an also-ran at Wimbledon—in eight tries, he had never reached the finals. This time, Emerson went all the way. Despite intermittent showers that forced officials to stop the match three times,

he polished off Stolle in four straight-forward, serve-volley sets, 6-4, 12-10, 4-6, 6-3.

For the U.S. the worst blow was yet to come. Last May both Emerson and Stolle were booted off the Australian Davis Cup squad for playing in foreign tournaments without permission. But as soon as the results from Wimbledon were in, Aussie tennis officials started talking about lifting the ban.

GOLF

Brinkmanship

It was the merest formality, the *coup de grâce*, and then everyone could adjourn to the clubhouse for the popping of the corks. There stood "Champagne Tony" Lema at last week's Cleveland Open, 15 under par, with just a one-foot putt between him and \$20,000—and everybody knows that golf pros do not miss one-foot putts. But there was a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. Ever so casually, Tony stepped up to the ball. Ever so casually, he pushed it right around the hole.

That put Tony in a sudden-death playoff with Arnold Palmer, a beer man. Sudden death is hardly the word. Suicide is a better term; out of 19 playoffs in his career, Palmer has won twelve. But Tony is a brinkman too: it makes the bubbly taste all the better. On the first hole, a 398-yard par-four, he watched Palmer smack his drive over a creek all the way to the base of the elevated green. Briefly, Lema fingered the "safe" club—a No. 4 iron. Then he reached for a driver too. "I might as well go out in style," he sighed.

He almost did: the ball was headed straight for the water when it clipped a footbridge and kicked across. A No. 9 iron put Tony on, 15 feet from the pin—and when Arnie left his wedge short of the green, Lema suddenly had another chance to win. This time he took a deep breath and stroked the ball neatly into the center of the cup. Birdie, hole and match for Lema's third victory in four weeks. His 1964 winnings now totaled \$60,561, only \$1,090 behind King Palmer himself.

FISHING

All Out for Banzai!

Somebody once said that the man who fishes for black marlin probably wears a size 44 coat and a size 4 hat. That is libel, of course. But the idea is that it takes brawn to catch one—and a kind of lunacy to try.

Not that the black marlin is the biggest game fish around: some sharks grow bigger. The black is just the fastest, strongest, smartest and meanest—and big enough too. The record for rod and reel is 1,560 lbs., and even the babies—meaning 200 lbs. or so—have bills like baseball bats. Golfer Sam



WINNER LEMA
Safe as suicide.

Sneed, who would rather catch a marlin than lick Ben Hogan, says that going after blacks is "like hunting elephants." Another expert big game fisherman, S. Kip Farrington Jr., calls the black "the glamour boy of all fishes—and the most difficult to catch." Farrington should know: he once held the world record (a 1,135-pounder), and he has also spent 94 consecutive fishing days without boating a single marlin.

More of Everything. He should have gone to Piñas Bay. An isolated jungle inlet, 150 miles southeast of Panama City, Piñas (or Pineapple) Bay is the world's hottest marlin ground, better than Peru, better than New Zealand, Hawaii or the Bahamas. There, swarming around a bait-packed barrier reef seven miles offshore, are more different kinds of billfish, and more of each than anybody has ever seen before: big Pacific sailfish in such profusion the fishermen consider them a nuisance, literally thousands of blue marlin, silver marlin, striped marlin and the lordly blacks.

Canal Zone fishermen have known about Piñas for years. The trip from Panama City took two days by boat and it was camping out all the way. But that was until Ray Smith came along. A homespun Texas oil millionaire, Smith, 51, spent close to \$1,000,000 carving his Club de Pesca de Piñas out of the rain forest and equipping it with all the comforts of home: his own amphibian plane service, air conditioning, plenty of ice and quinine water. He bought a fleet of ten sport fishing boats, hired captains and crews from as far away as Jamaica. In the two years since Smith opened shop, hundreds of marlin have been pulled from Piñas Bay's waters, and Smith himself has one of five world records: a 186-lb. 8-oz. beauty, caught on 12-lb. test line—the equivalent, perhaps, of 1,900-pounder on standard 130-lb. test. In one twelve-day span at Piñas last year, a marlin-mad Virginia couple ac-



WINNER EMERSON
Sudden as the showers.

tually hoisted 47 blacks, and Smith can prove that six out of every ten visitors land the marlin they came to catch.

Both Kneecaps. But they work for their prize. Not even a trout has a more jaundiced opinion of hooks. Blacks like live bait (a 5-lb. bonito does nicely), and they want it practically spoonfed to them. Some marlin will tail a bait for half an hour, only to decide that it isn't fishy enough; others give fishermen heart failure by enthusiastically grabbing the bait, then sourly spitting it out. But when the captain finally yells, "Sock him!", it's Katy bar the door. A few weeks ago at Piñas, an unprepared angler was yanked right over the stern of his boat, so hard that he broke both kneecaps.

Like a Polaris missile, the great fish roars out of the water, sometimes jumping 12 ft. or more, as he goes raging and tail-walking across the ocean. The hook usually pulls clear at this point, or the rod breaks, or the line pops with a crack like a .38 pistol. If the marlin does decide to stay and dance awhile, he rolls in the wire leader, smashes away at it with his bill, swims off on long curving runs to get a slack "belly" in the line. If that fails, in shallow water he will sometimes jam his bill tightly into the sand or cut himself off on a reef; in deep water he sounds, staying down until he dies—and not even a size 44 can reel a 1,000-lb. carcass up from 150 fathoms.

As a last resort, if the marlin is angry enough, he will even launch a banzai attack: virtually every boat in the Club de Pesca's fleet carries chunks of marlin bill embedded in its hull. Or the big black may simply outlast his tormentor. At Piñas Bay recently, a little lady from California battled a 900-lb. black marlin for nine solid hours, only to lose when darkness fell and crewmen were unable to gaff the fish.



MARLIN JUMPING AT PIÑAS BAY

A glamour boy, but mean as a Polaris.

BASEBALL

Matter of Psychology

The New York Yankees win pennants because they generally scare everyone to death. But if the Baltimore Orioles should win the 1964 American League pennant, it will undoubtedly be because they are scared to death themselves.

Even at 41, Baltimore Manager Hank Bauer is the sort of man who gives people pause. He stands 6 ft., weighs 190 lbs., has a face like a clenched fist and a voice that starts out tenderly—like an avalanche. He carries shrapnel scars, two Bronze Stars, and a card in the steam fitters' union, has done his share of knocking around—places like Guadalcanal, New Georgia, Guam, Okinawa. And when he played rightfield for the Yankees from 1949 to 1959, his specialty was knocking down double-play-minded second basemen.

Bauer wasted no time whipping the Orioles into line when he took over the club this spring. Baltimore had not won a major-league pennant since 1896, and the Orioles, under easygoing ex-Manager Billy Hitchcock, had a reputation for playing their best ball off the job. The first thing Bauer did was fine Outfielder Willie Kirkland \$300 for being three days late getting to camp. ("Whew!" said Kirkland, and it sounded suspiciously like relief.) Then, just like Yankee Manager Yogi Berra, Hank announced that his team would observe a midnight curfew, would wear shirts and ties on the road, and would not be allowed to drink at the bar in the hotel where they were staying. "That privilege belongs to the manager," he said. Unlike Berra, he wasn't kidding.

Bauer's get-tough tactics are paying off handsomely. The Orioles started the season by taking four straight from the Yanks and the Chicago White Sox. Two weeks ago, they swept three in a row from New York. Now it is July 4—and they are coasting along in the pack. For a fourth game ahead of the pack. For a



MANAGER BAUER

Tender as an avalanche.

team that wound up seventh in 1962 and fourth last year, the Orioles seem too good to be true. Third Baseman Brooks Robinson (a .251-hitter in 1963), is batting a lousy .314. Outfielder Boog Powell has 20 homers. Rookie Pitcher Wally Bunker, 19, won his first six straight. And Shortstop Luis Aparicio, no longer bothered by the mysterious leg pains that slowed him down last year, has already stolen 31 bases—tops in either league.

Bauer is shocked that the Orioles surprise anyone. After all, it is a simple matter of psychology. "Some guys respond only when you crack down on them," he says. "Others you might have to pat on the tail. Still others do best if you first give them some bull and then lower the boom."

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

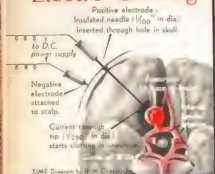
► Mickey Wright, 29: the Waldemar Open, her sixth victory in eleven tournaments; at Brookville, L.I. Tied for the lead after 36 holes, Mickey fired a last-round 71, two under par, collected \$1,350 (bringing her season's winnings to \$13,130) and talked wistfully about joining the men's pro tour. "I could wear a hood or some disguise so they wouldn't recognize me," she said.

► Dan Gurney, 33: the Grand Prix de France, averaging 108.7 m.p.h. in his green, Climax-powered Brabham, to beat Britain's Graham Hill by 41 sec.; at Rouen-Les Essarts. The Californian's victory was overshadowed, however, by the magnificent performance of Scotland's Jimmy Clark, the 1963 Grand Prix champion whose Lotus blew a piston on the pre-race practice lap. Running on only seven cylinders, Clark still leaped into the lead at the start, broke the track record four times, was 16½ sec. ahead of Gurney when he had to quit after 30 of the 57 laps.



SMITH WITH RECORD CATCH

Electro-Clotting



SURGERY

Wired for Health

Physicians and surgeons have long used innumerable electrical gadgets in diagnosis and treatment, but they have usually kept the current outside the patient's body. Now they are developing new and daring ways to use electricity inside the body—and, in some cases, to make the electrical gadget a permanent implant with rechargeable batteries.

For Brain Hemorrhages. A weak electrical current, suggests Irish-born Dr. Sean F. Mullan of the University of Chicago, may be the answer to an age-old problem: how to stop bleeding in a brain artery. These hemorrhages, usually at a spot where a cerebral artery has ballooned out and leaked or burst, are notoriously hard to shut off promptly. The most obvious plug for a burst artery is a blood clot, but with a clot the problem is how to make it and how to keep it from traveling and causing still more brain damage. Dr. Mullan and fellow workers noted that not only does electricity promote clotting, but also, unaccountably, so does a piece of copper, cadmium or beryllium, even without an electric current to help the process.

The Chicago doctors have stopped bleeding from aneurysms (ballooned-out arteries) in the brain's arterial roundabout, the Circle of Willis, by drilling a hole in the patient's skull under a local anesthetic and inserting a stainless steel needle (see diagram). This has a hairlike electrode tip only 1/250 in. in diameter, which is positioned precisely by a double-grid system of X rays (see photos). The tip is the positive electrode for a minute current. The negative electrode is attached outside the skull. Within half an hour the iron in the electrode is "plated off" (in effect, dissolved), and much of it goes into the electrically induced blood clot that seals the artery.

With electrodes of steel, the electro-coagulation method offers the advantage of forming a clot quickly. This constitutes a sort of neurosurgical first aid for the aneurysm patient, enough to tide him over the first and most dangerous days after a hemorrhage. But clots formed in this way are apt not to be permanent, whereas if a piece

of copper is implanted in the aneurysm and left there for a week, without an electric current, it forms a more permanent clot. So Dr. Mullan's team is now combining the two methods: forming a quick clot by electricity, and then leaving in place a copper needle inserted through the same hole in the skull. The two forms of electro-clotting technique have worked well in 16 out of 19 patients.

For High Blood Pressure. In the vast majority of cases, the cause of high blood pressure is unknown. The one thing certain is that the pressure can be influenced by the carotid nerves and the carotid nerve sinuses on each side of the neck. Two research teams have begun work almost simultaneously on electrical control of these "baroreceptors" with "baropacers" to be implanted like heart pacemakers. At the A.M.A. convention in San Francisco, Dr. Aydin Bilgutay of the University of Minnesota showed a baropacer which picks up pulses of current from two electrodes implanted in the heart and uses those pulses to control electrical signals sent to an electrode wrapped around the carotid sinus. The device had worked well in dogs and he was ready to try it in man.

Then Dr. Seymour Schwartz of the University of Rochester reported that he had already implanted similar devices in two human patients. The major difference is that the Rochester pressure pacer uses no electrodes in the heart, but relies on its own battery pack, which can be recharged from outside the skin. A man with blood pressure running 220/120, despite drug treatment, had a pacer implanted on the right side of his neck two months ago, and is now reading 150/100 or lower. A woman patient who got the implant a month ago is doing equally well.

PARASITOLOGY

The Human Botfly

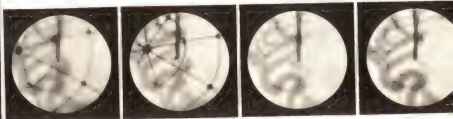
Horses are the victims of a botfly that lays its eggs on their legs, and sheep are the prey of another kind of botfly that lays its eggs in their noses. The eggs hatch into maggots which mature in the animals' bodies causing severe illness and sometimes death. So far, the U.S. has been spared the activities of

yet another botfly, still more repulsive than makes man its unwilling and miserable host. But in this week's *A.M.A. Journal*, a Florida doctor reports that the U.S. has just had a narrow escape from being colonized by the unpleasant critters.

Dr. Harry D. L. Kaye of Coral Gables was treating a 54-year-old engineer for a messy infection of the left ear that had not yielded to penicillin. Then the engineer remembered that on a hunting trip in Venezuela he had been bitten on the ear, and later had felt a wriggling sensation inside it. Surgeon Kaye set to work to clean out what seemed like a purulent cyst, and in it he found a white maggot, almost an inch long. Two days later, he removed another maggot. The Department of Agriculture's Entomologist Richard P. Higgins identified the doctor's find as larvae of the human botfly, known to scientists as *Dermatobia hominis*.

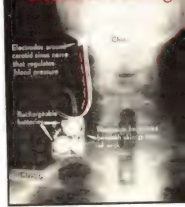
If the larvae had been allowed to mature they would have turned into half-inch flies resembling bluebottles with yellow heads and blue-grey bodies. The human botfly does not bite or lay its eggs on people, but enslaves small flies and mosquitoes by gluing its eggs to their bodies. When the slave bites a victim, the eggs hatch into larvae which bore into him. And, says Dr. Kaye, iv of them might have been enough to start a general infestation of the U.S. with another painful pest.

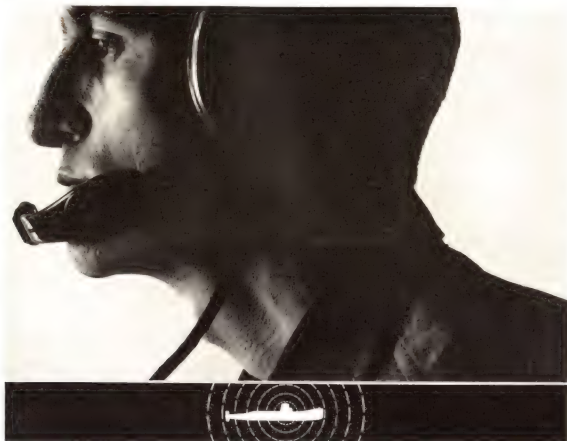
MEDICINE



BRAIN HEMORRHAGE (DARK CIRCLE, LEFT) IS SEALED AS ELECTRODE FORMS CLOT (ABOVE)
Needlework in the cerebral Circle of Willis.

Electro-Pacing





Is it fish or foul play?

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ITT has been in this antisubmarine warfare business a long time. World War II's HUFF-DUFF system that enabled antisubmarine warfare units to pinpoint U-boat radio transmissions, no matter how brief, was an ITT development.

And in 1957 an ITT System company developed equipment to record underwater acoustical environments. Now, ITT sonar

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In South Carolina, Ramon B. Knott, Vice President of Horsman Dolls, Inc., congratulates Employers Mutuals for their "lively approach to the provision of loss which has greatly benefited his people and his company."



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In Texas, Joe C. Neunhoff (left), Secretary-Treasurer Neunhoff Business Printing, Inc., congratulates company's loyalty program with Employers Mutuals for their hands-on approach to insuring their people.



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U.S. BUSINESS

WALL STREET

1066 & All That

Wall Street greeted the July 4 week-end with a bang. After going nowhere for six puzzling weeks, the Dow-Jones index of industrial shares reached new records in four out of five trading sessions, climbed 101 points for the week to close at an alltime high of 841.47. The gain was all the more impressive because the market is usually sluggish just before a warm-weather holiday. By crossing the 840 mark, which brokers had viewed as a psychological hurdle, the market appeared well poised for further advance.

Whether they called it "the Johnson Market" or "the Blue Chip Market," most Wall Streeters thought that the averages were healthy, substantial and well based. Small investors are coming back; during the past fortnight, about 7% more purchases than sales of odd lots—fewer than 100 shares—have been made. Other bright signs: four stocks rose for every three that fell, and the whole market was led up by the shares of the nation's biggest, most broadly owned companies.

The Leaders. Nine issues in particular have spurred the 30 stocks that make up the Dow-Jones average. The greatest upward momentum was provided by American Telephone & Telegraph, whose shares have moved from 692 to 744 since they were split a fortnight ago. Chrysler and General Motors have also been front runners, helped by last week's report that U.S. automakers built 13% more cars in June than in the same month last year. All those cars sent up demand for gas and oil, buoying the shares of Texaco, Jersey Standard and California Standard. The other significant gainers in the Dow-Jones have been Du Pont, International Harvester and Sears, Roebuck—the latter lifted by the upswing in retail sales since the tax cut.

The rise in consumer spending has also given new luster to grocery chains, department store groups and clothing producers. In addition, brokers now favor the rails, utilities and steels, whose production is expected to meet or exceed the 1955 record of 117 million tons. There is declining enthusiasm for the recently popular airlines, which are leveling out after a sharp climb, and the cement companies, which have suffered from trouble signs in the construction market.

Higher Earnings. Some brokers look for a brief slump before the next surge, but few think that the market is overpriced. Two-thirds of the Dow-Jones stocks are selling below their 1956-61 bull market high, although profits are now much higher. The Dow-Jones shares



are selling on average for only 191 times earnings, well down from 23 times earnings in early 1962.

The market has climbed 300 points in the past two years, and most Wall Streeters expect the trend to continue. Brokers still expect the Dow-Jones to reach 880 or 900 by year's end. And Arthur Wiesenberger of Wiesenberger & Co., a bull with one of the best forecasting records, predicts that the Dow-Jones will reach a neat 1066 by 1966.

AVIATION

The High See

Sitting idly aboard an airliner one day in 1956, a Tennessee theater-chain owner named David Flexer was struck by how much the cabin resembled a screening room. Flexer's brainstorm: Why not show movies in flight? He formed a company called Inflight Mo-

tion Pictures, Inc., spent five years developing a compact, shock-resistant projector and screen with the help of Trans World Airlines.

TWA began showing movies on its overseas flights in 1961, has remained the only U.S. airline to show movies in the air, largely because of an exclusive contract it made with Inflight. The line has steadily expanded its movies to U.S. transcontinental flights, has found them a popular drawing card that has helped increase its passenger load 24% since 1961. Now TWA's days of exclusivity are nearly over, and the U.S. public is about to be served movies as commonly as meals in flight. Last week American Airlines announced that it will put on its own show for passengers, thus ensuring that other airlines will soon join the trend to movies in the air.

Tapes in the Cockpit. American plans quite a variety-show offering: closed-circuit TV pictures of takeoffs, landings and scenery below, full-length movies, local TV shows while waiting on the ground and stereophonic music for traditionalists. After convincing itself with a public opinion survey, American got Sony Corp. to make special equipment for its theater in the air. Whereas TWA's films are flashed on the screen at the front of the cabin from a projector hidden high above the aisle, Sony is equipping American's planes with a series of 9-in. TV sets—one for each two passengers in first class and one for each nine in coach—with individual headsets and controls. Movies will be transmitted from tapes in the cockpit. The first screenings will be on the Chicago-Los Angeles run, but by the end of September all 45 of American's Astrojets will be fitted for airborne entertainment.

Also on Ships & Buses. Airline schedules may soon read like movie guides.

Pan American this week is running a test flight with the Sony system. California's Ampex Corp. has developed a similar system, called "Travelvision" for showing movies and television on planes, ships, buses and trains, and within two months will install the first system in a U.S. airline. Flexer's Inflight has 35 systems working aloft for TWA, another four for Pakistan International Airlines; it has also obtained a waiver of its exclusive TWA contract so that it can service non-competing routes, is presently negotiating with one international and four domestic lines. With all this competition ahead, pioneering TWA is thinking of offering half-hour movies on its shorter-distance flights. Hollywood has clearly invaded the heavens; its problem now is to tailor its products to flying times.



AMERICAN'S AIRBORNE SCREEN
New flicks to fly by.

Top Money

What the Indianapolis 500 means to U.S. auto racing, FORTUNE's 500 means to U.S. industry. Last week the magazine's tenth annual rating of the nation's leading corporations showed that American business really went off to the races in 1963.

Profits of the 500 biggest industrial firms jumped more than 10% to \$14.8 billion, accounting for 55% of the 1963 earnings of all 1,200,000 U.S. corporations. The two largest firms brought home more than one-sixth of the 500's earnings: General Motors earned \$1.6 billion on sales of \$16.5 billion, and Standard Oil (N.J.) became the only other U.S. manufacturer to join the billionaires' circle by earning \$1.02 billion on sales of \$10.3 billion.

The same six companies led the sales list as in the previous two years. After G.M. and Jersey Standard came Ford with \$8.7 billion, General Electric \$4.9 billion, Socony Mobil \$4.4 billion, U.S. Steel \$3.6 billion. Chrysler, the only newcomer to the top ten, sped from twelfth place to seventh as sales increased from \$2.4 billion to \$3.5 billion. The laggard among the leaders was Swift, off from tenth to twelfth on a slight sales decline.

Several of the also-rans did impressively well. The fastest sales increases were made by American Petrofin, up 114.8%, and by Iowa Beef Packers, whose 114.6% gain was due largely to increased capacity. Amerada Petroleum, in 355th place, had the highest profit margin for the sixth consecutive year—30.2% of sales—thanks largely to its low overhead. When it came to return on invested capital, Avon led with 34.3%, followed closely by Gillette's 34.1%. General Dynamics, 32.2%, Smith Kline & French's 30.9%. On the average, the 500 earned better than 6% on sales and 9% on invested capital, both slightly higher than in 1962.

CORPORATIONS

The Boss's Son

The youthful chairman of Motorola, Inc., acknowledges stem-winding introductions with a stock joke: "The most important reason for my rapid rise is that my dad owned the joint." At Motorola, the success of Robert W. Galvin is no joke. When he took over from his father Paul, the company's crusty, autocratic founder, Motorola had long been largely a one-man, one-product corporation. Galvin might have rested on his father's laurels, but he elected to be his own man. In the five years since his father's death, Bob, now 41, has made Motorola a decentralized giant. Its projected \$400 million in sales

• The world's biggest company in terms of assets, American Telephone & Telegraph, is not in this industrial group, will be listed in next month's directory of the 50 leading utilities. Last year it earned \$1.5 billion on sales of \$10 billion.



MOTOROLA'S GALVIN WITH TV TUBE
Making managers feel like owners.

this year covers such a broad range of products and aptitudes that Motorola last week 1) won a contract to equip an eight-mile stretch of New York's crime-beleaguered subway system with an experimental two-way radio hookup for policemen, and 2) announced a new line of electronic circuits that will sell for as much as 77% less than present manufactured units.

Space & Speedometers. Motorola was founded in 1928 in a one-room Chicago loft, made mostly car radios until World War II, when it developed the walkie-talkies that became almost as universal as the Jeep. It still outsells all competitors in two-way radios for police cars, fire trucks, taxicabs and other vehicles, is also developing sophisticated models for space that will carry voices across 250,000 miles.

On top of this, Bob Galvin skillfully built the broad diversification begun by his father. The company pioneered the transistor radio, now also manufactures auto alternators and ignitions, electronic speedometers, hi-fi consoles, and exotic semi-conductors and solid state devices used to measure and control industrial operations. Last year it introduced a 23-in. rectangular color-TV tube, slimmer and more compact than previous round tubes: it expects to sell 100,000 this year, has jumped to third place in dollar volume of TV sales. "Once we identify ourselves with a field," says Galvin, "we make a determined effort to be dominant in that field."

Significant Decisions. Motorola has managed its mix of products by internal growth rather than by acquisition, financing expansion largely from corporate funds: last year it spent a lavish \$48 million on research and capital investment. The company also makes a practice of promoting from within. When Galvin two months ago moved up to chairman to concentrate on long-range planning (the remains chief executive), he was succeeded as president by Elmer Wavering, 57, who, like many other Motorola executives, joined the company in the early car-radio days.



ELECTRONICS CENTER IN PHOENIX

Galvin works easily with his executives, most of whom are much older than he. At Motorola's shiny Franklin Park, Ill., headquarters, where even the chairman works in shirtsleeves, he sees division heads intermittently, allows them full rein to handle engineering, production and sales and make significant decisions. "The most important factor motivating a manager," says Galvin, "is his sense of proprietorship. The man who is given the greatest hand to determine his own destiny will try the hardest. It is fair to say that this is a rather different approach to management." It is also fair to say that Bob Galvin is a different sort of boss's son.

THE ECONOMY

Those Static Statistics

Major Government and business forecasts of the nation's year-to-year growth have been wrong by 30% to 40% since 1947. Reason: shabby projections based on shoddy statistics. This disconcerting report came last week from the privately financed National Bureau of Economic Research, and it further darkened the shadow of doubt that hovers over many of the indicators used by businessmen to reach their decisions to spend, lend or cut back.

The Government spends \$100 million a year to find and refine the modern statistics that measure where U.S. business stands and is likely to move next, and industry and private economic groups spend millions more. But the U.S. economy has changed so quickly in recent years that many statistical standbys have become insensitive, inaccurate or downright misleading.

Some long-revered statistics that U.S. businessmen would do well to treat with caution:

• **DEPARTMENT STORE SALES:** Last week businessmen were cheered by reports of rising department stores sales for June



Double date with Agena

Already the long countdown has started toward that eventual moment when two men will fly the NASA spacecraft Gemini to the most dramatic rendezvous in human history. That moment will come when they join their Gemini with Agena D, the unmanned rocket loaded with fuel—while both are orbiting the earth at 17,500 miles per hour!

In American space activity, men and metals have been essential partners. High strength, lightweight Republic Titanium has been used for Gemini's structural channels and double walls. Ultrareliable, high strength fasteners made of Republic Seam-Free Alloy Bars are also vital parts of Gemini and the mighty Titan II launch vehicle that will boost Gemini into orbit.

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PERSPECTIVE

The son probes an elusive horizon.

The father senses an irretrievable loss... that all too frightening experience of seeing his child mature.

Thus, he cherishes each fleeting moment...
...offers his guidance... understanding... love.

Within these pages he finds ideas and information
that increase his ability to transcend time...
...instill wisdom.

He's understanding and understandable...
firm yet flexible...

...and he reads this magazine just as you do.

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in the telltale New York City area. This statistic, like many commonly used ones, ignores some recent and significant changes in the economy, since it fails to measure the growth of discount houses and other fast-expanding stores that have no index of their own. Says Royce L. Lowry, executive secretary of the Federal Statistics Users' Conference: "Considering that drugstores now sell pots and pans and that supermarkets sell clothes and fertilizer, the figures on department store sales really don't tell very much." Much more meaningful as an indicator is the overall figure for retail sales, which has been showing gains that are steady—but less spectacular than those of department store sales.

● **FREIGHT CARLOADINGS:** Bernard Baruch is reputed to have said long ago that the surest way to gauge the whole economy is to "watch freight carloadings." That was long before trucks and planes captured such a large share of the changing cargo market, and also before freight cars were built bigger to carry more cargo. Result: freight loadings often go down—as they have for four of the past ten weeks—at the same time that total cargo tonnage goes up. For such reasons, the Pennsylvania Railroad, the nation's largest, last week announced that it will no longer issue carloading figures to the public.

● **UNEMPLOYMENT:** The problem is serious—the unemployment rate in June rose from 5.1% to 5.3%—but it is not as bad as the figures indicate. In its overly broad definition of "unemployment," the Government counts among the jobless such people as fulltime students looking for part-time work, and the job-seeking wives and children of laid-off workers. What if other countries did the same? Sweden, celebrated land of low unemployment, not long ago adopted the U.S. system; to their chagrin, the Swedes soon found that their national unemployment rate was four times higher than under their old, looser standards.

● **WHOLESALE PRICES:** The U.S. wholesale price index, table-flat for more than six years, is weighted heavily with food and farm goods, which have been falling because of the agricultural glut. But the much broader index kept by the National Bureau of Economic Research, which measures more manufactured goods, has been showing what worried officials call "fairly dramatic rises" for the past six months. The danger of inflation is thus greater than the Government's price index shows.

● **HOUSING:** Statistics on housing starts often rise or fall 10% a month, much more sharply than the overall construction market or the economy as a whole. They are the product of a tangled series of estimates, hunches and guesses. To get a housing figure, Government analysts 1) count the number of building permits, 2) guess at the number of houses that might be planned in areas that require no permits, 3) hunch the



LEN MARTIN



DAVID COOK

BRITISH SECRETARIES AT WORK IN MANHATTAN

number of "permit houses" and "non-permit houses" that are actually started. "Then," sighs Chase Manhattan Bank Vice President William Butler, "you take the time of the year into consideration, and you seasonally adjust the whole mess."

Disturbed by such unreliable statistics, both the National Bureau and the U.S. Census Bureau are combing through 150 of the most widely used statistics, will recommend by year's end which of them should be revised or dropped entirely. Meanwhile, Washington's wisest economists ignore such statistics in favor of about five reliable indicators used to assess the here and now economy, and another five to predict what is likely to happen next. For current performance, they look to the Federal Reserve Board's industrial production index, the number of Americans at work, personal income, total retail sales and new consumer credit. To get a feel for the future, they study the average number of hours in the working week, the prices of industrial materials, businessmen's plans for capital spending, inventory movements and new orders for durable goods. Fortunately for the U.S. economy, nine of these ten reliable indicators—all except industrial materials prices—are now moving in the right direction.

LABOR

Reverse English

One of the most prized fixtures in many a U.S. executive suite is a British secretary. In Manhattan, her impeccable manners, cool good looks, clipped telephone accent and considerable secretarial skills are greeted with more than ordinary hands-across-the-sea enthusiasm. Through friends or enterprising employment agencies, some 700 young English girls enter the U.S. each year to work for a while as secretaries. New York used to get most of them—but not any longer, by Gregg. The U.S. Labor Department, looking out for American girls who might be deprived of jobs, has specifically barred the entry of any more foreign secretaries to New York City.

U.S. "LEPER LAW" BANS OUR GIRLS, headlined London's Daily Mirror, in dry reference to the fact that the re-



ASSOCIATED PRESS

INTERVIEWED IN LONDON
Some lepers.

striction on visas was ordered under a section of the U.S. immigration law that prohibits entry of aliens who are "afflicted with leprosy, who advocate polygamy, and whose employment will adversely affect wages and working conditions" of Americans. Despite the presence of an estimated 3,500 English secretaries in New York, the city actually has a shortage of typists and stenographers. But the U.S. Government, suspecting sharp practices by some employment agencies, grew worried as visa applications began piling up at the London embassy.

Nonetheless, there'll always be an English secretary. In London and New York, employment agencies are still processing the eager young things by the score, placing them at typewriters in Boston; Chicago and San Francisco—from where they may eventually move to New York if they wish. They do not work for coolie wages either; they may start for less than Americans when they are new to the country, but soon make \$80 to \$110 a week. Last week the government heard pleas to reconsider its New York ban, conceded that there may have been a misunderstanding, and promised to restudy the matter within two weeks. Meanwhile, by some reverse English, a number of American girls are getting a fine welcome in London executive suites. British bosses think they make jolly good secretaries—breezy, informal and that sort of thing.

WORLD BUSINESS



MIDDLE-INCOME HOUSING IN BREMEN

WESTERN EUROPE

Room Shortage

A space race is on in Western Europe, but the goal is not some distant planet: it is a down-to-earth place to live. Europeans are suffering from the tightest housing squeeze since the immediate postwar days. Rentals have soared, and the price of private houses has shot out of reach for millions of people. Last week, as government officials everywhere stewed over what to do, France's overbuilt bureaucracy took a few steps to ease its *Crise du Logement*. It freed some state lands for housing development, announced a major slum-razing and rebuilding program, and sliced back the paperwork that now stymies building permits for up to two years.

Halfhearted Efforts. A recent Common Market survey shows that the monthly rent for a three-room apartment in a lower-middle-class district averages \$65 in Düsseldorf, \$70 in Brussels and a skyscraping \$180 in Paris, Europe's toughest town for housing. In Italy's cities, unskilled workers have a hard time finding one-room flats for \$50, which represents one-half of their monthly income. The co-op apartment is also a high-level proposition; a two-bedroom flat in a middle-class district markets for \$12,000 in Amsterdam, \$14,000 in Hamburg, and \$30,000 to \$40,000 in Paris—not counting monthly maintenance payments. Costs for private houses commonly run much higher than in the U.S. A typical two-bedroom bungalow in Germany sells for \$15,000, exclusive of extra charges for the land it is built on and for such simple amenities as built-in closets. Trying to deflate prices, municipal authorities in Britain and other European countries are helping to promote the sale of prefabricated houses that can be erected in an hour or less.

There are plenty of reasons for the overall scarcity. Wartime bombers destroyed much of Europe's housing, and most of what was left was not much good. At least 12% of the houses in France, Germany and Britain were built more than a century ago, and are without indoor plumbing. The shortage has been worsened by massive movements of people to the cities; Eastern refugees

into West Germany, dispossessed Algerians into France, and job-seeking Southern Italians into the industrial hubs up north. Instead of constructing moderately priced housing, builders have catered to the lucrative luxury markets, putting up Miami-style apartments that now command as much as \$125,000 in Rome. National governments have made halfhearted efforts to create space for the middle class, but have been snarled by endless red tape, inadequate budgets, and a shortage of private capital that has lifted the common mortgage interest rate to 10% to 15% a year.

Upper Levitt. The incredible demand for space has permitted fly-by-night entrepreneurs to debauch Europe's reputation for quality craftsmanship. Many new houses and apartments have crackle-thin walls, minimum soundproofing, unpainted interiors. On a recent tour of Europe, 20 top U.S. construction experts were shocked by the high prices and lack of standards. Said Tacoma's Daniel Brown, research director of the Douglas Fir Plywood Association: "There's no comparing quality here with the U.S."

Some U.S. builders are beginning to take advantage of this remarkable seller's market. The most famous U.S. builder, William Levitt, has won preliminary approval from the French government to construct a Levittown of 500 houses near Versailles. For a three-bedroom house, he will charge \$20,000 to \$25,000—which is 25% to 50% more than the price of the same Levitt house in the U.S.



ONE-HOUR HOUSE IN LONDON



LUXURY APARTMENTS OUTSIDE MILAN
Out of reach for millions.

was long the slumbering giant of Canadian business. It took pride in being the "world's most complete transportation system," with \$2.9 billion in assets, including its own 17,000-mile railroad network, a steamship company, an airline and even a chain of hotels to serve them. But until recently, it got a very small profit return on these vast assets: it allowed its operations to become antiquated, competing air and highway traffic to steal away earnings and its ships, hotels and airline to slip into the red. Even worse, it sold off or leased much of its 25 million acres of valuable oil, gas and mineral and timber land, largely because it was reluctant to compete directly with some of its own freight customers.

The Awakening. Such was the direction of the road when a veteran Canadian Pacific railman named Norris Roy

CANADA

One Way to Run a Railroad

Toronto's usually crusty Royal York hotel has hired leotard-clad waitresses to serve customers in a new "Black Knight" room, and Quebec's courtly Château Frontenac has replaced some Victorian parlors with a smart new cocktail lounge. Is that any way to run a railroad? It seems to be, because these two changes are symbolic of a great transformation that is sweeping the owner of the hotels: the Canadian Pacific Railway.

A vital force in opening up the Canadian West, the investor-owned C.P.R.



Line backers

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CANADIAN PACIFIC'S "CANADIAN"
Profits from striplings.

("Buck") Crump moved up to the road's presidency nine years ago. Crump has awakened the giant. Now the Canadian financial community is watching its performance—and its potential—with deep interest.

The new president moved slowly at first, was accused of copycat management because he adopted many innovations of the government-owned Canadian National. But Crump steadily picked up momentum, has become a hard man to brake. He has entirely dieselized the road, shorn off many of its unprofitable branch lines and short-haul passenger trains, aggressively adopted piggybacking and bought the world's largest railroad-owned computer to direct freight and handle accounting. Result: in 1963's expanding economy, after a monotonous downgrade run, C.P.R.'s earnings rose 24% to \$40.1 million, the highest since 1957. Canadian Pacific Airlines also broke through the profit barrier to earn \$350,000 in 1963 largely because of a wise investment in five DC-8 jets; even Canadian Pacific's hotels earned \$1,100,000.

Spinning Markets. Under Crump, C.P.R. also rounded out its transportation empire by absorbing Smith Transport, Canada's biggest trucking firm. This fall it will begin construction of a new hotel in Montreal, has faced up to the motor age by taking on the management of motels. But its greatest growth could come from its considerable remaining land holdings, whose rich resources the road has now begun to exploit. The newly formed Canadian Pacific Oil and Gas, Ltd., earned \$5,600,000 for C.P.R. in 1963, and another stripling subsidiary, Pacific Logging, contributed \$253,000. A 51% interest in Consolidated Mining and Smelting, the road's biggest subsidiary, last year brought in \$1 million in profits. With the Canadian stock markets spinning as a result of mining finds at Timmins and the search for new finds, the railroad that opened up the West now hopes to find new sources of wealth under some of its land.

AUSTRALIA

The Hustlers

Australia's policy of excluding Asians, which has long irritated its up over neighbors, does not extend to Asian currency. With Australian exports to Asia up by 300% since 1959, money is flowing down under where immigration cannot. During the first ten months of fiscal 1963, reported the Australian government, the value of Aussie goods exported to Asia rose to \$855 million, exceeding 1962's record-breaking total of \$778 million. So far in 1964, Japan for the first time has displaced Britain as Australia's No. 1 customer, and Red China is buying more than 53% of Australia's wheat exports.

The surge in exports to Asia is largely the work of Australia's imaginative, Canberra-backed industrial and commercial associations and an army of tropical-suited Australian salesmen, who tout their goods in every Asian bazaar. This spring a "floating trade fair," consisting of 100 businessmen and 400 trade exhibits aboard the merchant ship *Centaur*, dropped anchor in Hong Kong, Manila, Bangkok, Osaka, Tokyo and Singapore, piped 90,000 visitors aboard and transacted \$1,125,000 worth of business right on deck. Australia's enterprising businessmen miss few opportunities to mold their exports to their customers' specific habits and needs: in a wily and woolly coup in Thailand, they recently landed a large order for plastic sneakers by producing them in a shade of orange that matched the robes worn by the country's innumerable Buddhist monks.

ARGENTINA

Bankruptcy by Ballot

One grey morning in Buenos Aires last week a milling throng of 3,000 massed in front of the River Plate Club. Shuffling and shivering in the cold of the South American winter, they waited neither for soccer nor for revolution, but for a court of law to convene. No ordinary courtroom could have held all the clamoring creditors of Alberto Abraham Natin, 55, a dapper, moon-faced real-estate wheeler-dealer who was charged with fraud and faced with bankruptcy. Before the crowd, seated at a stand draped in dark red felt, was a stern-faced federal judge. After months of delays and postponements, the time of decision had finally come in one of Argentina's most notorious financial scandals.

Flamboyant Stock Hawking. In Argentina's inflation-plagued economy, businessmen know bankruptcy almost as well as success. The commerce courts are clogged with tangled litigation: 1,780 bankruptcies were declared in 1962. But no other financial empire has fallen with as resounding a crash as Natin's. Only four years ago, Natin was the owner of a small company with the long name of Organization for Trade, Ad-

ministration, Property and Real Estate Representation—or simply ONAPRI.

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The disenchantment was swift: During Argentina's 1962 recession, stockbrokers hauled Natin into court to collect their commissions, and investors stormed the courts in panic. Natin was bounced in and out of jail three times on various charges of fraud, bad checks and "economic delinquency."

Cheers & Handcuffs. At the first mass hearing last May, about 10,000 creditors showed up, as much to see the pudgy operator as to hear a report of ONAPRI's financial plight. When he appeared, handcuffed to two policemen, his creditors cheered loudly. Natin, the court determined, had liabilities of \$17.1 million, and only \$4,900,000 in assets. But the court agreed to call another meeting to let the stockholders decide by a vote whether he should be given a chance to settle his debts or be declared bankrupt.

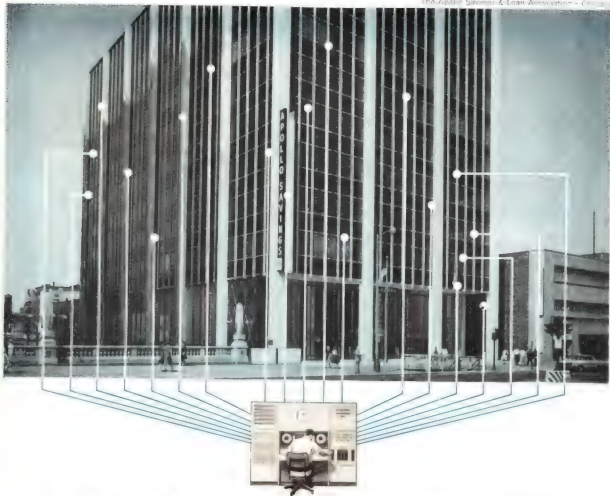
Natin figured he had a chance. At the meeting last week, he made one last plea for a *concordato*—an agreement to withhold bankruptcy proceedings. He asked for two years: "ONAPRI can recover its position if it is permitted to continue operating." In secret balloting, some 7,600 creditors favored giving Natin his time, but the margin was short of the required two-thirds. Natin's empire was declared bankrupt, and Natin went back to jail.



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CINEMA

Sellers of the Sûreté

A Shot in the Dark. Four shots, in fact. A police car roars up to the porte-cochère of a château and out steps—*sacrébleu!*—it is the terror of Montmartre, the Napoleon of criminology! It is Inspector Clouseau (Peter Sellers) of the Sûreté. Fresh from his daring exploits in *The Pink Panther*, the inspector is a model of sangroid. Beneath the vigorous mustache, the lips are ironical; beneath the snap-brim felt, the darting eyes see everything—well, everything except the goldfish pond. Splat!

Sopping but unstoppable, Clouseau suspiciously sniffs at a jar of cold cream, moves away with a big white blob on the end of his nose. He reflectively sucks on a ballpoint pen, resumes the interrogation with a bright blue tongue. He nervously lights the cigarette of a seductive suspect (Elke Sommer), forgets to extinguish the lighter before he puts it back in his pocket. "Feeeeeceek," Elke squeals a moment later. "You're on fire!"

Flaming but unflappable, Clouseau rips off his trench coat, strides to the window and—wham! The chief inspector (Herbert Lom) bursts through the bedroom door, the bedroom door clouts Clouseau in the sully. Clouseau takes off as though there were lead as well as copper in his alloy. When next seen he is digging himself out of a gravel driveway two stories below and cringing as the chief inspector scornfully adds insult to injury. "Clouseau!" the old brute bellows, "You're on fire!"

Obviously, Inspector Clouseau never does solve his case, but he manages, in a manner of speaking, to dissolve it: the suspects are all blown to bits by a bomb. Long before that hilarious moment—even though the inspector occasionally palls, and the one-joke script is much less amusing than the Broadway farce it is broadly adapted from—most customers will have reinforced a general conviction and a popular hope: that Peter Sellers is one of the funniest men alive and that the dear fellow will please get well quick.

Grand & Gory

Zulu vividly re-creates an episode from the British conquest of Zululand in 1879. Its heroes were some 130 red-coats who made a blood-and-guts stand against 4,000 proud Zulu warriors besieging the mission outpost at Rorke's Drift. Natal. Eleven of the survivors were later awarded Britain's coveted Victoria Cross, the most ever given after a single military action.

Improving on history, Director C.A. Endfield has made a battle film in the grand carry-on-lads tradition of *Ten Thousand Men* and *King of Kings*. His characters are swiftly etched stereotypes, a drawback easily overlooked once the action

begins to surge against the eye-filling sweep of Natal's brooding, beautifully photographed Drakensberg Mountains.

Soon an insidious clacking sound echoes through the surrounding hills. It is the primitive, awful din of short stabbing spears hammered against raw hide shields. Now the threat becomes palpable. Across the horizon stretches a line of warriors clad in animal skins and necklaces of baboon teeth, wailing "Usuto! Usuto!" (Kill! Kill!) The first wave sacrifices itself to test British firepower; then on they come, wave after wave, lunging, hacking, dying. For all but the squeamish, it is a grisly good



BATTLE IN "ZULU"

For blood and guts, a warrior's salute.

show, and the film's climax is visually and dramatically stunning—when the fierce Zulus, some 18 hours later, roar acknowledgment of their enemy's die-hard courage and withdraw, shields raised in tribute.

That moment alone explains, perhaps, why *Zulu* is currently raking in more pounds sterling than any other film in the history of British cinema. After a spate of "kitchen dramas" filled with whining social protest, *Zulu's* bloodbath refreshes the spirit with its straightforward celebration of valor, tenacity and honor among men.

Reynolds to the Rescue

The Unsinkable Molly Brown is a massive song-and-dance derived from Meredith Willson's also-ran Broadway musical of 1960. Defying the laws of levity, it follows an ebullient, money-grubbing Irish lass who marries a miner and gets rich so she can sashay in Denver's high society. When the blindblonds snub her, she floozies off to Yurup to bring home some dukes and duchesses; finally earns her place among the snobs and saves her marriage—for reasons clear only to mystical comedy authors—by surviving the *Titanic* disaster.

Plot, though vaguely based on reality,

is only one of *Molly's* handicaps. The sound track seems to amplify every commonplace tune into a fugue for trip hammers. The red plush trappings of old Colorado, as Hollywood sees them, produce instant antipathy. And Broadway Leading Man Harve Presnell repeats his stage role with little more than stiff, strong-lunged precision.

But despite this freight of handicaps, *Molly* does not go under—mainly because of Debbie Reynolds. Having brow-beaten M-G-M's executives into letting her play the part—a plum better suited, they thought, to Shirley MacLaine—Debbie *Molly* flies the audience with all the raucous charm and irrepressible high spirits of a girl who is out to win the Derby astride a dead horse. As a comedienne, she spurns subtlety but makes the shortcoming seem a solid gold asset in a character who boasts: "I'm a vulgar, extravagant *nouveau riche* American!" She even works slick, if slightly unnerving, pathos into a moment of pining over her wedding ring, a jewel-encrusted cigar band bearing the fond inscription: "Always Remember Two Things—That I Love You, and the Name of the Bank."

Sawdust Spectacular

Circus World, Still doggedly reproducing the collected epics of Cecil B. DeMille, Producer Samuel Bronston has launched a three-ring *Circus*. Though likable enough, this least pretentious of Bronston spectacles cannot compare with *The Greatest Show on Earth*. It is just a minor romantic tearjerker, a *Stella Dallas* with sawdust.

When Big Top Impresario Matt Masters (John Wayne) takes his show to Spain, he has never told his ward (Claudia Cardinale) that her mother (Rita Hayworth) was the woman he once loved. No need to, really, because Rita has been missing for 14 years—guilt-ridden since the suicide of her aerialist husband after he discovered that her heart had been doing triple somersaults with the wrong man. Of course Rita reappears in Europe, and poignant revelations spring up faster than acrobatic midgets. Claudia ultimately overcomes her bitterness toward the older folk, which leaves her free to concentrate on a Wild West rider (John Smith).

While both love affairs develop innocuously, the gaps in the story line are filled by some delightful European circus acts and other diversions. A 4,000-ton ship keels over at the pier in Barcelona, and one exciting scene has Hayworth, Cardinale and Wayne all dangling from the rigging of a burning tent. The only serious mishap to befall *Circus World* is Cinerama, which magnifies a meager tale beyond all reasonable proportions. To sit through the film is something like holding an elephant on your lap for two hours and 15 minutes. You can hardly measure what you have there, but it leaves a definite impression: it's big, it's warmhearted, and tons of fun for the kids.



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Continued on Page 10



BOOKS

Last Poems

THE FAR FIELD by Theodore Roethke. 95 pages. Doubleday. \$3.50.

"What I love is near at hand, / Always, in earth and air," Theodore Roethke wrote in the title poem of this last collection. What he loved was growing things (no important U.S. poet since Thoreau has been less citified) and their textures. What he celebrated was his love for his young wife (now 38, she had been his student at Bennington College, where he taught English). And what he feared was death.

And as death approached (he died last summer, aged 55, of a heart attack),



THEODORE ROETHKE
In love with finite things.

his poems seem to have taken on a new clarity of line and image, a new depth of tone. In these poems, written in the last seven years of his life, he lovingly and lingeringly catalogues objects: surf and "the falling of small waters," fields and abandoned farms, vireos, warblers and "the heron's hieratic fishing," the greenhouses and roses of his florist father remembered from his Michigan boyhood. Musical in themselves, these flashing descriptions are presented almost brusquely, so that they may seem at first to be curiously opaque and lacking in resonance.

But the resonances somehow develop with rereading. Then Roethke's driest lines can blossom as unexpectedly as the desert cactus. One of his repeated, even self-conscious influences in such passages is Walt Whitman ("Be with me, Whitman, maker of catalogues / ... the terrible hunger for objects quails me"). But for Roethke, "all finite things reveal infinitude," and

... if we wait, unafraid, beyond the fearful instant.

The burning lake turns into a forest pool.

The fire subsides into rings of water. A sunlit silence.

Beyond Whitman, the poems poignantly betray Roethke's consciousness, like Andrew Marvell's, of "Time's winged chariot hurrying near," and Roethke cannot even playfully think of love without remembering death. The *Wish for a Young Wife* is characteristic:

My lizard, my lively wither,
May your limbs never wither,
May your eyes in your face
Survive the green ice
Of envy's mean gaze;
May you live out your life
Without hate, without grief,
And your hair ever blaze,
In the sun, in the sun,
When I am undone.

When I am no one.
In a concluding sequence, which he frankly labeled "sometimes metaphysical," Roethke was on fire with God. "What shakes the eye but the invisible? Running from God's the longest race of all," he wrote. And in a voice of anguish and protesting confrontation rarely heard in poetry since Donne called on his deity to "batter my heart, three person'd God," Roethke cries:

Godhead above my God, are you there still? ...
From me to Thee's a long and terrible way.
I was flung back from suffering and love
When light divided on a storm-tossed tree.
Yea, I have slain my will, and still I live;
I would be near; I shut my eyes to see;
I bleed my bones, their marrow to bestow
Upon that God who knows what I would know.

The Conscientious Objectors

BUT WILL IT SELL? by Marya Mannes. 240 pages. Lippincott. \$4.50.

WHAT CAN A MAN DO? by Milton Mayer. 310 pages. Chicago. \$5.

Gadfly is an honorable calling, but it has its pitfalls. The truly conscientious gadfly is apt to run out of material at around age 33 and find himself in the embarrassing position of gadflying at the same old targets. The less conscientious gadfly may even invent new subjects to gad about.

Marya Mannes, 59, and Milton Mayer, 55, are two of the more durable gadflies of U.S. letters—lifelong, card-carrying conscientious objectors. Between them, they provide a sort of check list of the more hoary clichés of Instant Social Criticism.

Public Slugging. Of the two, Mayer is both the more messianic and the more corrosive. A wisecracking, easy-



MILTON MAYER
At odds with conformity.

going chap, he was a protégé of the University of Chicago's Robert Maynard Hutchins, taught in Mortimer Adler's Great Books program before launching a career as a freelance writer and fulltime polemicist. He has been flailing away at his chosen targets—war, racial prejudice, big government—for something close to a quarter of a century. The secret of the art, he understands, is to avoid the complicating thought and the qualifying phrase; indeed, few writers have his knack for reducing problems of considerable complexity to aboriginal simplicity.

U.S. society, he declares in this collection of magazine articles, has "a record of private and public shooting, slugging, mayhem, assault, battery, contusions, abrasions, lynching and vigilantism unmatched by any people who come readily to mind, except, perhaps, the ancient Cossacks." With that vision of the violent society in mind, he



MARYA MANNES
Against her hosts.

goes on to argue that the U.S. gives away a little bit more of its "liberty" every time it yields to its fatal impulse to "horn into every war within reach." In fact, says Mayer, after two world wars, both of which he regards as U.S. defeats, "freedom is less well preserved than it was before those two wars began." He has no doubt that "Hitler indeed imposed Prussianism on us, but he was dead when he did it." Americans, says Mayer, "love war so much that we are willing to lie to our young men in order to persuade them to be killers."

Conformity is the U.S.'s worst social evil. In "The Case Against the Jew," Mayer argues not that the Jew has failed to become assimilated but that he has assimilated too much, placing his faith in "the grand fallacy of adjustment." The most insidious ally of conformity is the "Giant Economy-Size" government, which, "as it tends every evil from us, will end by tending every virtue from us, too."

The Old & Rich. Marya Mannes is a stately, handsome, sharp-tongued woman who enjoys nothing more than rising at a banquet table and flailing the bejeesus out of her hosts. She once told the Women's National Press Club that, in most cities in America, the public "buys your papers to hold up at breakfast or to line the trash can or to light a fire, but not to learn."

The villains in U.S. life are "the old and the rich, who have come to think of our way of life as the only way." The advertisers, particularly television advertisers, play so insidiously on the emotions of America "that they must bear a large part of the responsibility for the deep feelings of inadequacy that drive women to psychiatrists, pills or the bottle." They have foisted on women a vision of themselves as homemakers that has crippled large numbers of them intellectually as well as emotionally.

Concludes Feminist Mannes: "We are neither accessories, instruments, nor objects, although in the wide range from housekeeper to whore we have for a very long time been used as such."

Fold, Spindle & Mutilate

THE 480 by Eugene Burdick 313 pages McGraw-Hill \$5.

Science fiction has all but expired, trampled to death by onrushing reality. Its successor is what might be called political-science fiction. Its practitioners aspire to write tomes that seem just like historical novels, but in the future tense. *Seven Days in May*, *Fall-Safe*, *On the Beach*—they have gone from *Udly* to worse and from *ad hoc* to pure hokum. Right along with them has gone Eugene Burdick, co-author (with different partners) of both *The Ugly American* and *Fall-Safe*; and he now tries it solo.

Burdick's new gimmick—true to their science-fiction ancestry, these novels usually require a gimmick—is the ominous threat to democracy posed by

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When Bill Mauldin sat down to his drawing board that Friday, he wasn't sure he would, or could, do anything.

News of the President's assassination had only just come. Deadline for Saturday's first edition was only a few hours away.

"But I got to thinking," says Mauldin, "about how Kennedy was identified with the same causes Lincoln was, and the whole thing seemed such a parallel. Suddenly I thought of the statue in Washington. That was it, Lincoln weeping."

It was, by Mauldin's own admission, the fastest drawing he has ever done. (Conceived, sketched and finished in 2 hours, where normally he takes 7 or 8.) But it will be a long time before it's forgotten.

When it appeared in the Chicago Sun-Times, acclaim was instantaneous. Hundreds of publications around the world reprinted it, even Russia's Izvestia. Requests for reprints poured in by the thousands (at last count, the Sun-Times has filled more than 150,000 such requests).

The original was requested by Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, and eventually will be exhibited in the Kennedy Library at Harvard University.

Chances are our children, and our children's children, will see it in history books still to be written.



Bill Mauldin



Mauldin's grieving Lincoln has become the classic symbol of the most tragic event of our time. Nothing anyone has said or written so completely expressed the grief and shock of our nation.

CHICAGO SUN-TIMES

Marshall Field, Jr., Publisher

computers, which, he maintains, can tell politicians exactly how to manipulate the inertness of voters to win national elections for sure.

With the Republicans currently most in need of such help, Burdick imagines the real control of that party falling under the influence of two young behavioral scientists, the male named Madison Curver and the beautiful female known only as Dr. Devlin. These two are so brilliant that they talk only in footnotes:

She: A study by Thorndike and Mustraine indicates that professionals are very limited in their span of knowledge.

He: You mean the other Thorndike. Updating computer techniques that were tried out on a small scale by the Kennedy forces in 1960, Mad and Dev set out to win the G.O.P. nomination

SEN MARTIN



EUGENE BURDICK

From *ad hoc* to pure *hokum*.

for someone who can beat Lyndon Johnson in 1964.

First they program their IBM 7094 to divvy up the electorate according to 480 different combinations of occupation, income, race, religion, class, and so on. Then the computer can simulate voter reactions to any candidate, issue or appeal, without even the trouble of opinion polling and all those confusing "undecideds." Mad, Dev and the 7094 are on their way to the unbeatable propaganda mix. All they need is a possible candidate. They find him in John Thatch, an unknown American engineer who is completing a bridge across a jungle ravine on the border between India and Pakistan. He is clear-eyed, jut-jawed, sensible, intelligent, brave, independent, a superb exponent of do-it-yourself (or *Ugly*) diplomacy, and altogether a leader any computer could love. Can Thatch perhaps be persuaded to run? Author Burdick takes 313 pages of whirring, humming, and blowing of tubes to come up with an answer and makes next week's real-life drama at the Cow Palace seem, by comparison,

as orderly and rational as a convention of geometry teachers.

But in a book where the rest of the characters are punched out of IBM cardboard, the dialogue is Early Superman and the sex Late Mary Worth ("Someone was patting her hand in this comforting protective way . . . She wanted the patting to go on and on"). Candidate Thatch looks almost real.

Lenin Landslide

THE LIFE OF LENIN by Louis Fischer. 703 pages. Harper & Row, \$10.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF LENIN by Robert Payne. 672 pages. Simon & Schuster, \$8.50.

LENIN: THE COMPULSIVE REVOLUTIONARY by Stefan Possony. 418 pages. Regnery, \$7.95.

IMPRESSIONS OF LENIN by Angelica Balabanoff. 152 pages. University of Michigan, \$5.

Since there has never been a really good biography of Lenin in English, the idea of doing something about it came more or less simultaneously to three authors. As soon as each heard the others were at work, the race to get published was on. Stefan Possony won it, but Authors Payne and Fischer were close behind.

Each biography seems tailored to a specific audience. Robert (*The Terrorists, Forever China*) Payne, a prolific as well as a catholic writer, has produced a Book-of-the-Month selection aimed at romantics. Stefan Possony, political studies director at Stanford's Hoover Institution, will appeal most obviously to believers in the conspiratorial view of history, since his research comes largely from police and foreign office files, ranging from Japan to France, and covering mostly Lenin's life as a fugitive conspirator.

Fed Suspicion. On balance, Louis Fischer's is the best of the three biographies. Fischer has devoted much of his long lifetime to the study of Russia (*The Soviets in World Affairs; Russia, America, and the World*), and he soberly weighs those episodes that the other two biographers sometimes accept as fact, offering the pros and cons of each argument. There is, for example, a genuine riddle about Lenin's racial background. Author Payne insists "there was not a drop of Russian blood" in Lenin, and claims his ancestry was German, Swedish and Chuvash (a Tatar tribe living along the Volga), and that it shaped his personality. Without citing any evidence, Author Possony argues that the "evidence indicates" Lenin's grandfather "was born a Jew." Fischer places the responsibility where it belongs, on the Soviet government. "The records were undoubtedly available in Russia's bulging archives," he writes, "but the Bolsheviks saw fit to suppress them. This feeds the suspicion that there is something to conceal."

What emerges most strikingly from all three biographies is the awesome

power of a single and single-minded man to change the course of history. If the Kaiser had flatly refused to let Lenin cross wartime Germany and enter Russia, if the Kerensky government had succeeded in arresting and executing Lenin (as he fully expected it to try to do), would the Bolsheviks now be merely a footnote to history? Not the least of the paradoxes is the fact that Communism, which teaches the inevitability of historical forces and the impotence of the individual in swaying them, owes its conquest of Russia to the energy and confident thrust of Lenin alone.

Refused Axiom. But it is in the slim memoir of Angelica Balabanoff that the most human—and in some ways the most terrifying—portrait of Lenin emerges. Memoirist Balabanoff is now

SOCIETY FOR CULTURAL RELATIONS WITH THE USSR



BEARLESS LENIN IN DISGUISE

The awesome power to change.

86 and lives in Rome. The daughter of a wealthy Russian family, she eagerly and early espoused Lenin and his cause. But she always preferred to be "a victim of power rather than a holder of it," and has spent half a century defending the downtrodden in a variety of furnished rooms from Moscow and Paris to New York and Vienna. Both naive and deeply ethical, Angelica Balabanoff had obviously no place in the Soviet power setup, but Lenin wanted her there, and she tried her best to please him.

Refusing the axiom Lenin lived by, "everything that is done in the interest of the proletarian cause is honest," Angelica repeatedly carried her complaints to Lenin until he finally said in despair, "Comrade Balabanoff, what use can life find for you?"

Her incorruptibility of spirit seems to have touched even his amoral heart. At their last interview, Angelica said sadly to Lenin, "Perhaps Russia does not need people like me." Prophetically, Lenin replied, "She needs them but does not have them."

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